Next Month

A NEW CIVILIZATION OR BUST

David Cushman Coyle

Here is a man who sees not the end of everything, but the possibility of a golden age ahead. The problem is how to achieve it, and that is what Mr. Coyle undertakes to solve. He outlines certain economic moves which he believes to be steps in the right direction, and does it with a wit that will delight even those who are ready to scream at the word "economics."

LEARNING IN THE HILLS

Tullye Borden Olds

Rocky Creek could not boast of a single man or woman who could read or write when Tullye Olds started her school for adults there. How she got it going, and how she overcame the natural shyness and suspicion of the mountain folk and inveigled them into book learning, makes a charming and humorous tale.

THE JEW THRIVES ON PERSECUTION

William Schack

Nothing holds the Jews together like anti-Semitism, according to Mr. Schack. In fact, he appears to believe that it is almost the *only* thing that holds them together, for a Jew is as eager to become nationalized as any other immigrant.

IS TELEVISION READY?

T. Coulson

Many people think television will be the coming industry in the near future. Some believe it is being held back until the depression is over and times are ripe for it. Speculators are inquiring into the advisability of investing in it. This article is an authoritative statement from one who is in a position to know just how much has been accomplished in the laboratories and what obstacles remain.

OTHER FEATURES

Among other articles which we expect to publish in the July FORUM are: a strong statement from Francis Sisson on the banking situation, "Soviet Snapshots" from the diary of an American woman in Russia, two short stories, an attack on the Communist attitude toward art and literature by Joseph Wood Krutch, together with a Communist reply.

FORUM and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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TOASTS

H. H. RAILEY, at one time an associate editor of THE FORUM, is engaged in the practice and study of public relations. During the World War and the later conflict between Poland and Bolshevik Russia, he observed at first hand the problems of reconstituted Poland.

JOHN T. FLYNN, author of *Graft in Business, Investment Trusts Gone Wrong,* and *God's Gold,* is a former newspaper man whose articles debunking big business appear frequently in magazines throughout the country.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON was born in New York, but was brought up in Seattle. At present he is living in New Canaan, Connecticut, where he spends most of his time writing. He is the author of *A Gentleman Rebel,* a biography of Mad Anthony Wayne, and *Revolution: 1776.*

WILLIAM HOVGAARD, a graduate of the Naval Academy, Denmark, and of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, England, is a professor of naval design and construction at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is the author of several books on naval subjects, and is also the Vice President of the American Scandinavian Foundation in New York.

ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT spent two and a half years in the army after his graduation from Harvard in 1917. For the past thirteen years he has been in the advertising business in New York.

CHARLES T. HALLINAN, a native-born American who has been living in London for the past ten years, is engaged in buying and selling securities on the London Stock Exchange. In his spare time he tries his hand at free-lance writing.

ARTHUR DEE is a convict serving a sentence in a penitentiary in the West.

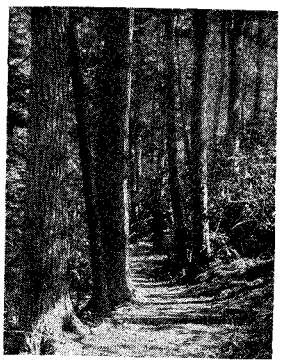
CATHERINE HACKETT, who has worked as a correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor* and *The Woman's Journal,* in Washington, says that her present occupation is keeping house for her husband and three children.

JAMES METZENBAUM is a prominent Cleveland lawyer who, for the past twelve years, has devoted most of his time to public affairs. He has served as the Chairman of the Board of Zoning Appeals in Cleveland and as a member of the Cleveland City Plan Commission.

PAUL HUTCHINSON, who for some time has been a regular contributor of political and religious articles to THE FORUM, is Managing Editor of *The Christian Century.*

S. MCCLATCHIE is an electrical engineer who has lived so many years of his life in Germany that he claims he feels much more at home there than in any part of the United States except California.

CYRUS FISHER'S radio criticisms are a by-product of his regular work, which is writing and producing radio programs.



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Notice of a change of address, to be effective with the July issue of FORUM must reach the Subscription Department by May 31.

The Post Office does not forward magazines, including FORUM, which are mailed under the Second Class Rate of Postage.

Please give your former address when advising the Subscription Department of your new.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

NOT TO EAT, NOT FOR LOVE, by George Weller (Smith & Haas, $2.50). There is not a hackneyed phrase, not a stale thought, in this brilliantly original first novel about Harvard University. The structure, it is true, is the currently popular one used by Dos Passos and others — the kaleidoscopic cross-section — but seldom if ever has it been employed so effectively or with as much justification. Every facet of Harvard's multi-angled surface, and the depths beneath, is observed and recorded with skilled sureness and vivid authenticity, yet also with a critical detachment that is remarkable in one who was graduated only four years ago from the institution he now analyzes so unsentimentally. Snobs both social and intellectual; plastic boys who grope in the dark for something they know is there but cannot touch; pedants and philosophers; even the sub-strata of waitresses, Yard cops, and office clerks — these and scores of others, typical yet individualized, act as a chorus for the story of Epes Todd's junior year. In this main design — Epes' adjustment to maturity, and more especially his relationship with Ellen Thwyte — Mr. Weller is less successful than he is with the surrounding tapestry. These sections are at times unsatisfying, even confusing, possibly because the author relies too much on the reader's intuition in bridging unwritten gaps. Yet despite this emotional ellipsis (which may be crystal-clear to some, as it doubtless is to Mr. Weller), the book convinces and sustains; even those parts which elude the complete understanding have a power of their own. This is largely due to the style. It is not a simply grasped style. One has to take it slowly to get out of it all that it has to give. But the effort is worth while, for though the imagery may sometimes be strained it is always sound and certainly never imitative. For every mood, and there are many, Mr. Weller has a manner; the harmony between the matter and its exposition is perfect. And in one sequence ("Hour Exam") he has achieved the impossible by devising an entirely new way in which to tell a story. To say that *Not to Eat, Not for Love* is the best college novel yet produced is to underrate its importance. Mr. Weller possesses an imagination, an artistry, and a sense of values both theoretical and human that set him outside and above the usual category of younger-generation biographers.

ARCTIC VILLAGE, by Robert Marshall (Smith & Haas, $3.00). In north-central Alaska there is a section some thousands of miles in extent in which live 127 people — 77 whites, 44 Eskimos, and 6 Indians — all of whom are more or less bound together by the fact that, for want of other inhabitants, they are "neighbors." The largest settlement, Wiseman, contains

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A simple but completely detailed plan for installing a labor time control system. The viewpoint is fresh and original and the basic idea has aroused much comment in well-informed circles. $2.00

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"It is so seldom that one finds a book about Russia in which the picture presented is not smudged beyond recognition by the author's personal bias that I must call your attention especially to 'Red Virtue.' . . . If you really want to know how these Russians live and what the fabric of their social relations is, I think you'll find it remarkably illuminating. . . . To put it briefly, 'Red Virtue' is a kind of Moscow 'Middletown,' and if you remember that immortal study the Lynds made of our own modes and manners, you'll know that this is high praise indeed." — *Robert M. Coates.*

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Books in Brief

only a few houses, and the rest of the dwellers in the Koyukuk are scattered over the wastes. Here Robert Marshall spent a year and a half, and this book is the record of his stay. More than that, it is the life story of the Koyukuk people; every phase of their existence, from their food to their sex habits, is discussed, annotated, and interpreted. The result is an unusually interesting and valuable sociological document, fit to join the works of Malinowski and Margaret Mead but more humanly appealing than either. It is obvious, by the very wealth and detail of his information, that these men and women loved, trusted, and respected Mr. Marshall. They told him things they would never have revealed to a purely scientific researcher, and we are the gainers thereby. *Arctic Village* will be a source-book for sociologists, but most of us will remember it chiefly as the personal biography of a wilderness settlement. It has humor, and it also has dignity and nobility. "I am perfectly happy. That's all I ask for. That's all life is," says one Koyukuk man when asked if he ever wants to return to the rushing clamor of Outside civilization. The quiet simplicity of his statement symbolizes *Arctic Village*, the log-book of 127 isolated souls.

AS THE EARTH TURNS, by Gladys Hasty Carroll (Macmillan, $2.50). The usual wheezes about the dreariness of back-to-the-soil fiction are not applicable to this entirely delightful story of one year in the life of a Maine farming family. Except for a few truants, the Shaws live in joyful bondage to the soil. Farming is the way of life which pleases them best. Contentedly, they shift their tasks with the seasons, sow and plough, plant and reap, finding their diversion in church suppers and vast family gatherings around tables heavy with succulent New England food. Marriage, birth, and death intrude upon them without altering very markedly the placid pattern of their existence. Miss Carroll writes in a somewhat nostalgic vein, as if insufficiently aware of a changing world, but her novel is authentic, honest, alive, and somehow consoling. Her Shaws have the kind of courage and serenity which one seldom finds in modern fiction.

RED VIRTUE, by Ella Winter (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). The political and economic aspects of present-day Russia have been dealt with by many authors, but the subject of human relationships under Soviet rule has been less adequately described. This book is one of the few that tell how the average Russian feels about all that is going on about him, what he does from day to day and how he does it, and what his attitude is toward his fellow workers in the great Russian plan. The revaluations

A New Reprint

IN A RECENT issue of THE FORUM, Walter A. Terpenning, Professor of Sociology at Western State Teachers' College, attacked the movement which is going on all over the country against married teachers in the public schools. Says Mr. Terpenning, "For pure, unadulterated asininity, the record of the schoolmen is unsurpassed; but none of their specialists in absurdities, even the intelligence testers, have quite come up to the standard of 'jackassery' attained by the superintendents and school boards in their latest craze, that of ridding the school system of married women teachers." And so forth!

THIS ARTICLE has attracted so much interest that a reprint has been prepared. This will fit an envelope of ordinary size and may be mailed under 1½c postage.

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Books in Brief

of manners and morals and the almost fanatic belief in the rightness of the ideal for which Communism is striving are shown in terms of actual events and personalities with which the author is familiar. She tells how they are handling such problems as child care, housing, vocational training, women's rights, drunkenness, prostitution, and disease. Although the author's sympathies are plainly on the side of the Russian ways of doing things, one cannot but be impressed by the contrast between the universal social consciousness of the new Russian and our comparative indifference to problems which affect us all.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, by Stefen Zweig (Viking, $3.50). Zweig calls this book "the portrait of an average woman," which is the only statement in the whole interesting history that we can question. Certainly the last queen of the great age of France was not average, unless we consider her life as the median of its two extremes. For Marie Antoinette started her ill-fated career as a superficial, pleasure-loving, and irresponsible girl and died a true queen in every sense. The author points out that hers was a nature that had to be tried by fire to show its true stuff. He argues that Louis' inefficiency as husband, lover, and ruler was the psychological cause of her almost hysterical quest for pleasure and stimulation. Her motherhood, her one great love (for a young Swedish attaché of the Court), and the awareness brought on by the fall of the old régime around her account for her transformation into the truly great woman which she was at her death.

EIMI, by E. E. Cummings (Covici-Friede, $3.00). Only with patience can this 300,000 word jigsaw be solved. The job is further complicated by the probability that in most instances sympathy on the part of the reader will be lacking. Radicals in politics will disagree with the book's content — a flippant and often sneering condemnation of Soviet Russia on the ground that Communism degrades and smothers the artist. Conservatives in literature will be maddened and often completely baffled by the ultra stream-of-consciousness style, a style which in complexity and obscurity is second only to James Joyce's most recent work. That leaves as Mr. Cummings' potentially appreciative audience only those who are reactionaries politically and advanced revolutionists æsthetically — a possible combination but not a frequent one. As for Mr. Cummings' way of writing, it varies between the intentionally funny and the unintentionally dull; some of it is extremely witty, but too much of it is based on private jokes. Admittedly an esoteric work, *Eimi* is for Cummings' fans.

THEY BROUGHT THEIR WOMEN, by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The vivid, salty tales in this volume are written in Miss Ferber's most characteristic and most kaleidoscopic vein. She writes, for example, about typical days in the lives of a famous actress, a New York taxi driver, a Wall Street financier, a lonely country waif astray in the big city. All the stories are brightly contemporaneous, rich with humor and shrewd observation. They are somewhat superficial but they seldom fail to be pretty enthralling.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SHORT STORIES, edited by Sylvia Chatfield Bates (Houghton Mifflin, $2.25). Mostly, one short story collection is much like another. This one is exceptional. With the wisest kind of discrimination, Miss Bates has selected admirable tales by such writers as Sherwood Anderson, Lardner, Hemingway, Kay Boyle, William March, Richard Aldington, Stella Benson, Thomas Mann — taking care to avoid the old chestnuts which have been reprinted too many times already.

THE TRAGEDY OF TOLSTOY, by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy (Yale University Press, $3.00). In this story of a bitter family quarrel, the daughter sides with her father, the great novelist, against her mother. According to her, Tolstoy's wife was a harridan verging on insanity whose constant nagging and persecution ruined the closing years of his life. Some will be horrified and embarrassed at the frankness with which Alexandra denounces her mother, but the domestic war makes interesting reading; and there seems to be little doubt that Tolstoy and his wife lacked that unanimity of spirit which is usually required for a happy marriage. Those who wish to know the other side of the case may find it in the diaries written by the woman whose portrait is painted here in such merciless colors.

SONNETS, by Mary Dixon Thayer (Macmillan, $1.00). The sonnets of Mary Dixon Thayer are not heavily laden with classical allusion. Neither are they convoluted with current biology or psychology. They will not give you a headache. They are as healthy and natural and lovely as a perfect morning in June.

LIFE BEYOND DEATH, by James Thayer Addison (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.00). This book is the story of the soul gathered together from every civilized and uncivilized race of men. It is a unique contribution to the literature both of popular science and of religion. Years of research of the folklore of Bantu and Navajo, Greek and Buddhist are concealed behind a lively, descriptive narrative.

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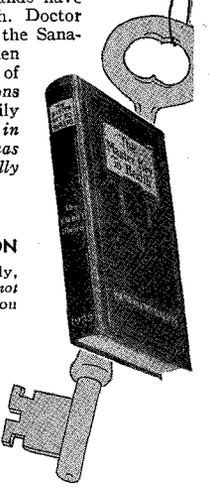

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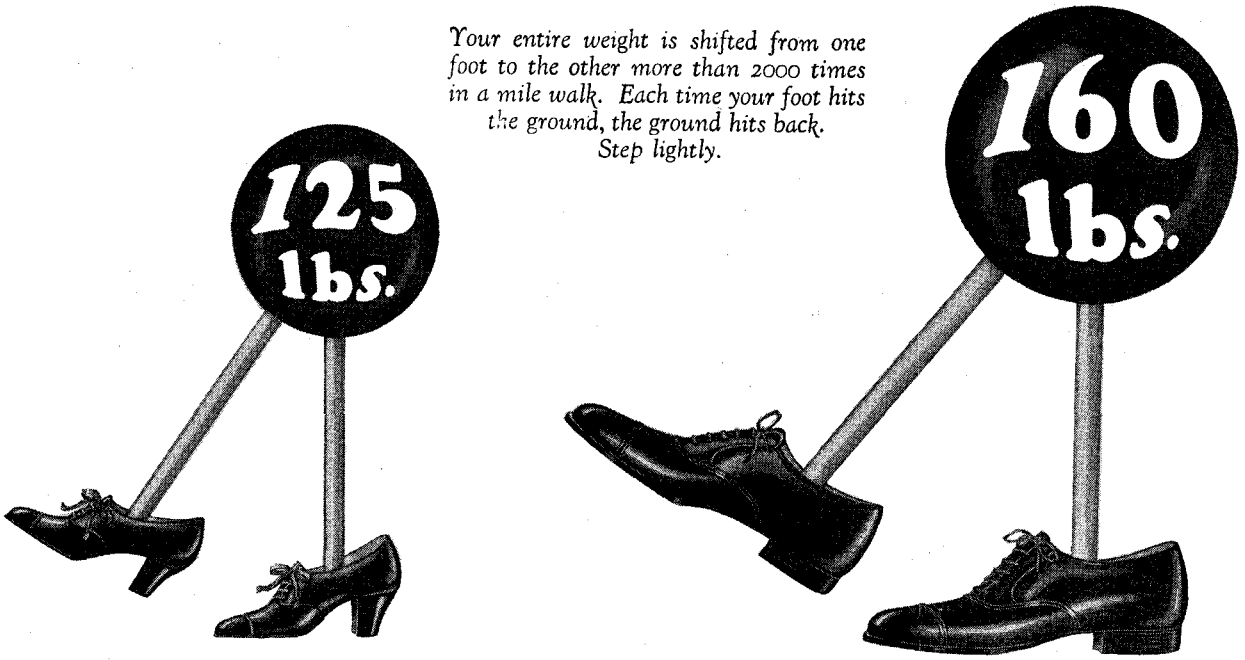
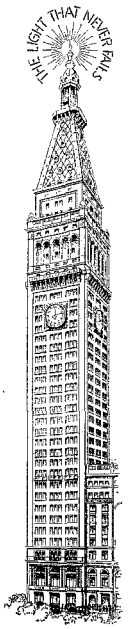


A GREAT deal of excruciating pain in the feet or elsewhere in the body, caused by weakened or broken down arches, can be relieved or completely removed. When the three main causes of foot trouble—misuse, abuse and disuse—are generally understood, a great deal more pain will be avoided.

If you walk with your toes pointed out instead of straight ahead you put a severe strain on your arches. Overstrained, they are likely to sag or flatten. Bones may be forced out of place, pinching and torturing sensitive nerves.

All too often these tortured nerves communicate their distress to nerve centers far removed from the feet. Leg aches, headaches, backaches and many other aches are penalties which follow the misuse of a hard-working foot.

Abused, either by being cramped in a shoe which does not permit the toes to lie flat, or sprawled in an ill-fitting shoe, no foot can support and move its burden comfortably and easily. Shoes should have a straight inner edge. They should fit snugly under the long arch and at the heel.



Examine your shoes to make certain that the sole, under the ball of your foot, does not round down in the center or bend up at the sides. If it does, every step you take tends to flatten the short arch across the ball of the foot. Then the needless pain.

Disuse is the third crime committed against feet which should be able to give willing and uncomplaining service. A foot which has little to do besides carrying its burden from bedroom to dining-room and from there to an automobile or other conveyance, loses its muscular strength, becomes almost an invalid foot through feebleness.

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JUNE, 1933 VOL. 89, NO. 6

Buy Foreign!

Now it can be done. Now we can buy cheap and beautiful objects of foreign manufacture that attract our fancy without fear of being unpatriotic or taking bread from the mouths of American workingmen. The New Deal has brought another change over the land: we are become less super-nationalistic and more internationally minded. It is hard to remember that only a few weeks ago there were newspapers urging us to *Buy American* in imitation of the patriotic signs posted in the shop windows of London and Paris: *Buy British* and *Achétez Française*. It was during this campaign that THE FORUM received a letter from the Wire Cloth Manufacturers' Association bidding us buy only paper made in the United States and declaring that "a foreign purchase is a donation to that country at the expense of the United States." Now the tide has turned, and, although THE FORUM is still printed on American paper, I have told my wife that it is again patriotic to use French perfumes and to disregard the slogan in the Hearst newspapers: "Why Import Perfumes When American Flower Culture Can Build Home Industry?"

This summer I shall buy foreign goods with a free conscience whenever I happen to prefer them. I have ordered six new shirts from a London shop. For my bath I have recently acquired the largest piece of soap on the New York market. It is French. Perhaps I will be able to revisit Europe this summer and help pay the foreign debts by buying the services of hotels and railroads. In France, last summer, American tourists decreased alarmingly by sixty-two thousand. American bottoms are bringing me my foreign goods. Perhaps the money that I send Europe will help buy a bale of American cotton. At any rate, I shall do my little bit to help the President revive international trade.

The smiling welcome offered Premier MacDonald by President Roosevelt at the door of the White House was symbolic of the new world consciousness which is happily beginning to supplant the spirit of petty nationalism. We Americans are not proposing to give away our birthright, but we are determined to bargain bravely and boldly with other nations in order to restore the rapid flow of trade to the mutual profit of them and ourselves. There is nothing partisan about the reciprocal bargains by which the Administration proposes to demolish tariff obstructions. Neither Republican nor Democrat has a monopoly on international negotiation as opposed to national fiat. In a campaign speech Mr. Roosevelt quoted from the last address of a Republican president, Mr. McKinley: "'Reciprocal treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times. Measures of retaliation are not!'"

President Roosevelt is likely to continue to live up to his campaign promises. In another speech he said, "I cannot picture Uncle Sam as a supine, white-livered, flabby-muscled old man, cooling his heels in the shade of our tariff wall. . . . when it comes to good, old-fashioned barter and trade — whether it be in goods or tariff — my money is on the American!"

Prosperity is sometimes measured by the velocity rather than the amount of the circulation of money. Trade between nations acts as a mighty leverage in accelerating the velocity with which money passes from hand to hand. The revival of international commerce is one of the trump cards of the New Deal.

— H. G. L.

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Europe's Sorest Spot

Where the Next War Is Brewing

by **H. H. RAILEY**

It could hardly have been expected that in March, while "America lived through a crisis such as few civilized peoples have ever experienced in time of peace," the slightest attention should have been paid to the concentration of a few hundred Polish soldiers, with machine-guns and mine throwers, on the far-off Westerplatte peninsula at Danzig, which is used by the Poles for the storage of ammunition.

In this country we did not hear, much less heed, the warning of the President of the Danzig Senate that another European war was imminent because these Polish troops, with their guns and their bombs, had been sent to the Westerplatte "without the consent of the High Commissioner, breaking the sovereignty of a Free City" — the Free City of Danzig, which most of us have forgotten was detached from Germany after the war to provide Poland with a Baltic port, and Europe with a constant menace.

Nominally, the City of Danzig and its environs constitute a Free State under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations. But the Minister of the Interior is a German Nazi who takes orders, it is said, directly from Hitler. A few weeks before the "incident" at the Polish ammunition depot, this Minister "replaced the small international contingent of harbor police, commanded by a Swiss, with a force of Danzig Nazis. The High Commissioner was either unwilling or unable to protest, and it was in these circumstances that the Polish Government decided to reinforce the garrison. . . ."

Immediately regiments began to mobilize in the Polish Corridor — that fiery tongue of ancient Polish soil which divides Germany in two and licks the powder kegs of Europe. The Polish Parliament conferred emergency powers on the government. For the first time since 1914, every important member of the British Cabinet spent the week-end (of March 12th) within reach of a telephone, receiving reports on the racing crisis. At London, Geneva, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, and Warsaw the situation was very tense and very grave indeed.

The British press (from which I have been quoting) was almost hysterical. From *The Daily Herald* to *The Times* its tone was one of taut and unrelieved anxiety. Editorials angrily called on Mr. MacDonald (with Sir John Simon at Geneva engaged in a desperate struggle to save the Disarmament Conference) to return to London and mind his own business — the business of the British people. In the House of Commons there were ominous grumblings and veiled hints of a show-down with the government on their foreign policy.

War again. War! Incredible but imminent. War between France and Germany and Poland, and God knows who else, over the concentration of two hundred Polish soldiers at an ammunition depot at Danzig? It was disconcertingly possible.

The man on the street blinked with astonishment at the headlines, devoured the facts, and with stubborn British rectitude vowed that come what may on the Continent, whether hell and repeat broke loose, England would not fight again. The mood of the people was unmistakable.

Quite suddenly it all petered out, like the exhaustion of hysteria. At Geneva on March 14th it was announced that "The Westerplatte affair was amicably settled at a special meeting of the League Council held to-day." A multi-tongued and highly articulate press hailed the achievement.

Settled? Or had the belligerents been merely anæsthetized?

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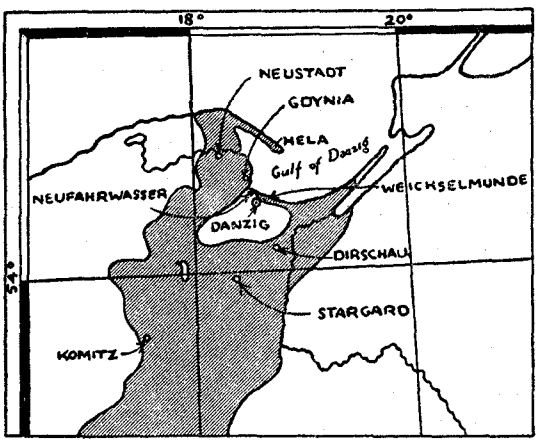
On April 12th Polish mobs stoned the German Embassy at Warsaw, breaking the windows. At Lodz, they stoned the German consulate, attacking two German newspaper buildings and a German school, and committed other such excesses. Following the arrest of three Polish students at Breslau, "Popular animosity between the Germans and the Poles (read one dispatch) reached such a pitch to-day that both Governments are seriously concerned and are trying to allay the tension, which has reached threatening proportions."

At Berlin and at Warsaw the international anæsthetists sprang to the task which often and so significantly engages them.



Their nationals inflamed with such a spirit, both Germany and Poland — eager, praying for ten years of peace, desperately needing it but apparently unable to preserve it — look forward with justified anxiety to the Danzig Senate elections on May 24th.

If, as neutral observers predict, the Nazis gain control, will Danzig unite with Germany?

Half a million uniformed German youngsters hopelessly convinced the Fatherland was not beaten on the battlefields "but by the enemies within — by the Jews and the Communists," with little if any distinction between them, roar recklessly, "*Ja!*"

Outside the Reich it has been freely prophesied that "within six months Hitler will make a dramatic demand for abolishment of the Polish Corridor and the return of Danzig." Inside the Reich Nazi leaders boast that *when* Danzig is *taken*, "Poland will only grumble."

If Danzig is *taken*, say the neutral observers — Poland will march!

The Source of the Trouble

Again and again it has been warned that the next world war will begin in the Polish Corridor.

To most of us in America the Corridor (in German called *Pommern*, in Latin and English *Pomerania*, both words adaptations of the original Polish name, *Pomorze*) is just a geographical term recurring now and then in the news. We have little if any conception of its historic background, of the ethnographical considerations which influenced its creation at the Peace Conference, or of the supremely delicate part it plays in the current political history of Europe.

To begin with, the term is a misnomer, and as such Mr. Paderewski, statesman as well as musician, denounces it in the April issue of *Foreign Affairs*. He points out that the word "corridor" implies "the idea of a narrow passage through a solid and more or less homogeneous structure . . . and perverts the facts . . . to convey the impression that, in order to satisfy the pretentious Polish demands for an access to the sea, the Peace Conference . . . split the national structure of a great state and separated a valuable province from the rest of the (German) Empire. The separation has been performed, it is true. But it was by no means a new idea, a new operation, an act of violence. It simply was an act of historical justice, the restoration of a property to its former and legitimate owner."

Late in the eighteenth century Frederick the Great of Prussia (to whom there are so many references in German oratory of to-day), dominated throughout his life by a passion for the aggrandizement of his Kingdom, seized Pomerania from Poland and for 99 years it remained a realm of the Prussian Kings. Not until 1871 was it incorporated into the new German Empire. Its population has always been more Polish than German and is now 90 per cent Polish.

"The Corridor," continues Mr. Paderewski, "is not merely the treasured heritage of over thirty Polish generations, it is also our only national seacoast. Its length is only 76 kilometers. For a state of 32,000,000 inhabitants that is not very much, especially when one thinks that our mighty neighbor (Germany) firmly holds 498 kilometers along the North Sea and 990 kilometers along the Baltic. But to us those modest 76 kilometers are just as valuable

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as the 1488 are to Germany, just as precious as its thousands of miles of seacoast are to the United States. They are indispensable to our independent life, materially and morally. They are our gateway to the wide world. And to give up that gateway . . . would deprive our country of its only direct connection with the great civilized nations. It would reduce our free and sovereign state to an impotent and pitiable enclosure between Prussia and Russia. It would make Poland a cripple and a slave."

Poland, of course, defends the territorial *status quo* — stands unyieldingly on the Treaty of Versailles under which, after one hundred and forty-eight years, she was reconstituted a State. Hemmed in between Russia on the east, Germany on the west — two of the three nations that not once but three times gobbled her up — she is implacably opposed to any revision of that Treaty which might affect her sovereignty. Her strategical situation is perilous.

But in the view of the Germans, traditionally inclined to regard the Poles as a people incapable of governing themselves, and especially to the Prussianized Nazi, the Polish Corridor *separates East Prussia from the Fatherland* and is an injustice that only war can rectify.

The moment Germany is confident of the outcome she will chance it. Poland knows that. Every statesman in Europe knows it. Did not a Nazi official predict recently that "There will be a fourth partition of Poland within five years if there is not a second partition of Germany within eighteen months"?

Is it to be wondered that when "incidents" occur in the Polish Corridor, or at Danzig, the chancelleries of Europe are chilled with apprehension?

The Free City of Danzig, spearhead of German enmity, is not part of the Polish Corridor. It was detached from Germany after the war to provide Poland with an outlet to the sea. It was formerly the tenth and is now the fourth harbor of the Baltic. From 1454 to 1793 Danzig was "uninterruptedly united with Poland." After the first partition of Poland it was incorporated into the Kingdom of Prussia. To-day it is essentially German.

Constantly since its creation there has been friction between the Free City and the Polish Government, between the Polish and German nationals. Eleven miles away, to compete with Danzig, the Poles five years ago built a new port, Gdynia (in the Corridor). While Mr. Paderewski insists "it was not out of rancor or revenge" that Poland decided to build another harbor, her brilliant achievement in transforming "a tiny fishing village of fifteen or twenty cabins into a seaport, a maritime city that counts in 1933 45,000 inhabitants," did not improve relations between the two peoples.

Poland Yesterday and To-day

With France we are traditionally familiar.

With Germany, as an enemy in the World War, as a Republic subsequently borrowing (chiefly from us) the incredible sum of $3,750,000,000 and paying, actually, sixteen years after the Armistice, not one cent in reparations out of her own money; with Germany in that brief period become, through the capital of those who conquered her, the first industrial Power in Europe, the second in the world; with the Hitler Dictatorship of to-day, from hour to hour unpredictable — we have been constantly, exasperatingly, desperately preoccupied.

Of historic Poland, born again under the Treaty of Versailles, we are abysmally ignorant. How many Americans realize that Poland has a population of 32,000,000, an area of 150,267 square miles, as compared with 39,402,739 people, and 212,669 square miles for France, 60,412,084 people and 183,381 square miles for Germany?

We do not know because we were never taught that at the period of her greatest expansion the Polish boundaries extended within fifty miles of Berlin, on the west; to the meridian of the Sea of Azov, on the east; nearly to the Gulf of Finland on the north, and on the south down to the Khanate of Crimea.

Three times was Poland partitioned. At the Congress of Vienna in 1815, twenty years after the last partition, the reapportionment of territory remaining with the Powers gave Russia 220,500 square miles, Prussia 26,000, and Austria 35,000 square miles.

When the last Polish King, Poniatowski, appealed to George III of England, he was told: "Good Brother . . . justice ought to be the invariable guide of sovereigns . . . I fear, however, misfortunes have reached the point

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where redress can be had from the hand of the Almighty alone, and I see no other intervention that can afford a remedy." England had no chestnuts in the fire consuming Poland. France, after the Revolution, was not inclined to assist "a land of Nobles." Turkey alone protested. So the proud White Eagle gave place to the Black Eagles of the oppressors.

Political pleurisy was responsible for the disintegration of Polish sovereignty. It began with the election of August of Saxony — August the dissolute, intemperate, and sly, supported by Saxon gold and Russian influence — and the passing of Jan Sobieski. Sobieski, who had saved Europe from the Turk in the Battle of Vienna in 1683, was the only man, according to Professor Sokolowski, who could have saved his country from speedy destruction. But "blindness and evil passion destroyed the last salvation plank and then begins the slow death of a powerful organism." Poland perished and remained for 148 years "the classic instance of how a nation may exist without a state through which to express itself."

The Poland of to-day is a Power of the first rank — a great and thriving nation with a martial tradition — proud, spirited, possessed of immense natural resources. Her army, her General Staff, trained and equipped by her ally, the French, is formidable, competent, and highly mechanized. Rid your mind, then, of the conception of Poland as a tiny, obscure State. To-day she is a far stronger military Power than Germany.

On the Verge of War

In March particularly, and in April, too, the Continent quaked with fear of war, and the Polish Corridor was the sputtering spark of a too short fuse to the powder kegs of Europe. One solemn warning followed another.

"Europe," said Alexandre Millerand, a former President of France, "is marching to war behind banners of peace."

"You can hear, if you listen," confirmed Mr. Lloyd George, "the rumbling of the cannon underground . . ."

"A clash between Italy and Jugoslavia," cabled the Belgrade correspondent of the London *Daily Herald*, "grows increasingly probable."

"There will be war in the spring," declared General Pariani, head of the Italian Military Mission in Tirana, the capital city of Albania.

Summing up these fears, the editor of the conservative London *Sunday Times* observed: "The outlook is remarkably unpromising. . . ."

With the advancing likelihood of an alliance between the two Fascist countries, Germany and Italy, France is to-day more apprehensive than at any time since 1914. She has reason to fear the possibility of a Nazi *putsch* at Vienna, which might hasten the *Anschluss* — the dreaded *Grossdeutschland* of 69,000,000 Germans. In vain France looks across the Channel for further confirmation of Locarno. Except in self-defense, it is not likely that Britain will fight again in a war of Continental origin.

While Italian diplomacy has been defeated in its efforts to encircle Jugoslavia, and to dominate the Adriatic — defeated by the consolidation of the Little Entente into a political, economic, and military unit as powerful as pre-war Austria-Hungary — "conversations" at Rome between Mussolini and members of the Hitler cabinet give rise to anxious speculation on a secret alliance. On the other hand, in the European system of checks and balances, Italy (at least in this one respect agreed with France) is sternly opposed to the Austro-German *Anschluss*, and therefore supports the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Englebert Dollfuss, in his rejection of a coalition with Hitlerism. Italy is equally determined to prevent Austria from becoming a satellite of France through absorption into the Little Entente. Tiny Austria has still an independent part to play in Europe.

The Germans, we are told, like to think of themselves as "a people without room." The brooding eyes of the National Socialist Reich are turned to the east — to the "bleeding frontier." Poland, possessing part of Silesia, is accused of wanting all of it. The Nazi Governor of the Lower Silesian Province, Helmuth Brueckner, proposes "a plebiscite of the entire territories taken from Germany in the East by the Treaty of Versailles — a plebiscite, however, in which the votes would be cast, not by the present populace, but by those born in that region." The object is to neutralize Polish colonization and Herr Brueckner regards his plan as "the only peaceful solution." He warns that if it fails, Germany, certain at long last to achieve "armament equality," may have to take matters into her own hands.

And then?

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While it has been denied at Paris and Warsaw that France and Poland have signed an anti-revision pact with the Little Entente, it is admitted that these Powers are "in close contact." A ring of steel is welding round Germany.

Perhaps, as Germany thinks it must, the solution will come from Washington, where, these days, "solutions" are being manufactured at high speed.

The undisguised war alarm of a few weeks ago has now (May 3rd) suddenly quieted down, and in part the lull is due to those policies of Hitler which arouse distrust and abhorrence in England (to the immense relief of France) — but a month or two, a year, or a day hence fear may again seize the Continent. For unthinkable as it may be from the economic viewpoint, war is not too improbable. France does not seek it. Italy, manufacturing munitions at high speed, is not ready for it. Poland, like France, prepared, does not expect it — not just yet. The consolidated Little Entente may delay if not avert it. England, at Locarno guaranteeing (without the Dominions) the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland, which has recently witnessed disturbing Nazi incursions, proposes to stay out of it. But at a dozen points the menace exists.

Hitler's erratic finger is on the hair-trigger of the next European conflagration, and Hitler — and the Germany he now so amazingly dominates — is utterly unpredictable.

Who but a German can comprehend the psychology of this obscure corporal in Hindenburg's army when, as Chancellor, in defiance of world opinion, he directed a "defense campaign" against the Jews — against Jews of high rank, Jews in the past more German than the Germans? Who can prophesy the course of a people, demonstrably obtuse in their international relations, which now liken this man, their Dictator who put them in uniform again, to the Messiah? Whose Protestant Ministers of the Gospel would rank the Swastika with the Cross of Christendom? Who, on Hitler's forty-fourth birthday, showered upon their "Savior" greater honors than on any occasion of celebration were ever conferred on Bismarck, the Kaiser, or on Hindenburg?

Stripped of emotional complexities, Mr. Lloyd George presented in March — as a warning to the world — a German view that *is* comprehensible. At Sheffield, before the annual assembly of the National Council of Evangelical Churches, he cried out passionately:

"The situation, it is no use pretending, is very grave . . . We inserted provision (in the Treaty of Versailles) for the disarmament of Germany. We broke up her guns. We destroyed thousands of her machine-guns. We limited her army to one hundred thousand men when she had millions. We deprived her of her equipment, and we said, 'When you do that we will do likewise. Let your aye be an aye, your nay, nay.'

"We have enforced the nay, dishonored the aye . . . No country which signed the pledge has kept faith. Germany has been patient . . . Her part of the Treaty has been carried out in the letter and the spirit until those who enforced the Treaty — broke it.

"Germany is tired of it. We are confronted with the resurrection of the old spirit of militarism in Germany and there is no one to blame except those who broke faith, having signed that Treaty."

Late in April Hitler, the Chancellor-Dictator, stressing the discipline of the Nazis, characterized his foreign policy as one of "peace with equality" — disarmament of the nations guaranteeing it to Germany under the Treaty of Versailles — a consummation by the whole world devoutly to be wished, but in the present outlook by no means assured. Germany is at last thoroughly out of patience, and one result is the resurgence of her naturally martial attitude, with Hitler as its swift, dramatic, and dangerous embodiment — cause enough for concern in a Europe shot through with distrust and racial hatreds, with sore spots that will not heal.

The Polish Corridor, whatever the pros and cons, is the sorest of those sore spots — a malignant growth that "indicates" in its political prognosis the major surgery of war. No man can say *when* it will come. No statesman doubts that eventually *it will*.

Indoctrinated with a spirit of revenge, however disciplined, a new generation of young, vital, uniformed Nazis dream of another "*der Tag*," hopelessly convinced that the Fatherland was never beaten on the battlefields "but by the enemies within."

The troubled Poles look down their precious Corridor, and growl, "Let them come!"

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Starvation Wages

The Plight of the Employed

From an etching by Edward Hopper *Courtesy of the Kennedy Gallery*

by JOHN T. FLYNN

I

In a day of bargains the following is, I think, the most extraordinary bargain advertisement I have ever encountered. It is taken from the help-wanted columns of *The New York Times* in March of this year.

> WANTED, STENOGRAPHER-BOOKKEEPER: This position in small office requires capability, experience and industry, easily worth $30 a week and more. Now offering $12–$15 a week. No beginners.

This naïve appeal to give an employee a $30 job at the enticing wages of $15 a week depicts an innocent yet meaningful perception of the present state of the worker more eloquent than a page of wage statistics. And it fixes attention upon a phase of our present situation which has been a little bit overlooked — the plight of the employed. There is plenty of food for meditation in the fact that all the woe is not in the camp of the unemployed and that there are countless men and women who are working at full-time jobs who are not getting as much as some of the unemployed persons on public relief rolls — whose wages indeed do not equal the doles paid to the idle in England.

The simple yet alarming truth is that our whole system of wages is crumbling. This means, of course, that the much-advertised American standard of living, built up so laboriously, that cost so many painful labor wars, is falling to pieces in our hands.

It is against this evil that the New York legislature has just aimed a blow in the two minimum wage laws which, under the leadership of Governor Lehman, it has just passed. President Roosevelt has put the weight of his office and his great prestige behind an extension of the law to other states. For after all, it will do little good to check the disease in one area when it can flow so easily over the boundaries and into adjacent areas. Indeed, unless other states collaborate in the attack, the effect of action in any one state will be to penalize it by imposing upon its manufacturers and employers restraints from which their competitors will be free.

Before we open some of this week's pay envelopes to explore what is left of prosperity, we may ponder what the American worker up

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to 1929 had gained — measured in dollars — over a period of half a century. These simple figures tell the story. They record the average earnings of factory workers in this country in 1880, 1900, and 1929:

1880 — $376
1900 — 480
1929 — 1320

In spite of much sneering, therefore, a very real advance has been made in the dollar volume of factory workers' pay in those eventful fifty years.

I do not now assert that the wages and salaries of all workers have been cut to the point of starvation. Indeed, great numbers of bewildered employers have struggled valiantly to keep their pay-rolls up to the highest possible level. They have made cuts reluctantly and then as gingerly as was consistent with continuing solvency. There are still large numbers of persons whose wages have been reduced no more than twenty per cent. But this applies almost exclusively to those employees who have been in continuous employment in the same jobs during the last four years. However, it is the lot of great numbers of factory workers, office workers, field workers, and laborers of all sorts to be frequently moved about from one job to another. The story of the wages offered to new employees, and their slow but deadly effect upon the wages of their fellow workers, constitutes one of the darkest and most distressing phases of this depression.

II

THE FIRST effect on workers of a depression like the present one is unemployment, and usually in the marginal industries. This in turn produces a surplus of that kind of labor which is available for domestic service and kindred fields like restaurants and laundries. And very soon the household service wage level begins to exhibit the effect of the existing surplus. Such has been the case all over the country. The vast numbers of women available for housework now as compared with 1928 have subjected their wages to a persistent decline until it is possible to read in a Detroit newspaper the following advertisement:

> WANTED: White woman for general housework and care of children, $1 per week. Apply, *etc.*

The appeal does not specify board and lodging, though it must be assumed this is included. It must not be supposed that this is an isolated case. The column from which I selected that advertisement had several others that day, while two and three dollars a week seemed to be the prevailing rate. This, of course, was in Detroit — crushed under the load of unemployment and bank failures. But that city is by no means alone on this low wage level. In a Cleveland paper $3 seems to be the usual rate and the same thing is true of Chicago. In the latter place, however, somewhat higher wages are offered in exceptional cases, but housewives who offer $7 a week insist on experienced general housekeepers and cooks.

In the South before the Great War five and ten dollars a month was the usual rate for houseworkers and this was about the lowest-paid labor in the country. But a white worker in a Northern state earning one and two dollars a week— which is less than five and ten dollars a month — was unknown. I very much doubt if houseworkers who were expected to work all day and do experienced housework could have been found in any large city in the North for less than five dollars a week. Certainly this was not possible in the East. Now in New York City any number of domestic servants are working for ten, fifteen, and twenty dollars a month.

Of course, where the wages are so low the houseworker gets meals and shelter which, of course, take care of a large part of her budget. Nevertheless, the small wage paid in cash leaves but small active purchasing power in the hands of the worker.

At that, however, they are better off than thousands of workers in restaurants and laundries who must budget a small sum from their slender earnings for rent. In Los Angeles thousands of restaurant workers are employed for their meals only. Where they work as waiters or waitresses they do get tips, though in the low-priced eating places these amount to a paltry sum. In Chicago many thousands are employed as helpers around kitchens for their meals only, as there are no tips for the kitchen help. This, indeed, is a form of barter — services for food. "Dollar a week and chow" is how one kitchen worker in New York described his arrangement, while I heard a social worker say that thousands of men and women in the Greater City had gone on the "beans stand-

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ard." "The employer," she explained, "who has 'eats' to swap for a day's work can get all the help he wants. The unemployed man or woman who has no family to live with is glad to get it." These conditions are pretty much the same everywhere and even where money wages are paid the amount is pitifully small. In New York $25 a month for workers in the kitchens is common. A report from Brockton, Massachusetts, reveals the same figure there. And these wages apply to men as well as women.

III

Of course, much has already been said about conditions in the needle trades where old-time sweatshops feed upon the victims of depressions. In the discussions in New York State preceding the passage of the new minimum wage bills most of the facts brought to light were drawn from the novelty and garment trades in homes and factories. And while the hearings before the legislature revealed many shocking cases, very little of these depressing revelations has reached the public eye. Laws against sweatshops have been on the statute books of New York State for many years, and a vigorous factory inspection system under Governors Smith and Roosevelt and Lehman has done all that was possible, under inadequate laws, to keep the evil within bounds. But the shocking helplessness of vast numbers of half-starved people during this depression has supplied to the ravenous wolves who prey upon labor so much raw material for exploitation that the difficulty has got out of hand.

One method, of course, of evading the factory inspection laws has been to do away with the factory. In certain of the needle and novelty trades of New York most of the actual work upon many kinds of products is farmed out to women who do the work in their homes. Always large numbers of women and children are engaged in such work. I found it in full blast in the years preceding the crash. Now, however, it is flourishing as never before.

An example of this kind of work is that of a mother and two daughters who do piece work at home, making frogs for men's pajamas. They are paid eighty cents a gross — 144 — and the combined earnings of the three range around four dollars a week. Another girl crochets hats at forty cents a dozen. She cannot make more than eighty cents a week. It is useless to multiply these incidents. The story would be endless.

The woman shopper on the hunt for bargains is perhaps amazed at that $2.80 dress which she sees in the shop window. She knows little of the tragedy of grinding and unremunerated toil which has made it possible. In the clothing industry a great deal of work is done by contractors. They are paid by the central manufacturer. They employ the labor in a small factory or in the homes of the workers. On a dress which sells for $2.80 the contractor is allowed 22 cents for the labor. Out of this, of course, he pays his own expenses and takes his profit. You may take your own guess at how much is passed on to the weary woman who does the sewing on a dress for a fragment of that 22 cents. On a $6.50 dress the contractor gets 50 cents. The worker, perhaps, gets half that.

Men's clothes accumulate a certain amount of spots in process of manufacture. In a Brooklyn factory, girls are employed to clean these spots from trousers. The most they can earn is six cents an hour, or $2.78 for a full week's work.

Governor Lehman recently declared that in the needle trades workers were being paid as low as four dollars a week. Later he said he would have to retract that statement as he had learned many were getting only three dollars a week.

Here is an excerpt from a letter which came to the New York State Industrial Commission. It is from a girl employed in the clothing trade. "I have to be in the factory at 7 A.M. and work to 12, then 1 to 5 o'clock. (Nine hours a day.) We have to do 24 seams at 8 cents a dozen and change our cotton about six times for different colors. You have to walk up and down the place about 25 or 30 times a day to get work. They refuse to tell you the piece rates. When you receive your slip you are marked $2.75 for five and half days. Some receive $1.75 for their week's work."

Here is a letter from a girl in a lamp shade factory. "I put on appliqué. That is a narrow strip of trimming, very particular work. For two strips about one yard long each they paid three quarters of a cent. For binding the shade top and bottom they paid 1¾ cents. They are

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so busy they work young girls over time until 8 or 9 o'clock. I applied to other shade manufacturers, but they were doing no work. I formerly earned $35 a week."

The statement about other shade manufacturers doing nothing is eloquent. This is the story of sweated labor. There are many employers who try to maintain decent standards. But manufacturers like this lamp shade maker cut in under them, and while they are starving their own help, throw the workers of their rivals into complete unemployment.

The weight of this bad system, which diffuses its effects through the whole industrial structure, falls with especial force and more directly upon women workers. The Industrial Commission of New York has kindly supplied me with recently compiled figures covering this point. From them it is possible to make a comparison of the cuts in wages of men and women in the same industries. In the women's clothing industry in New York City, for instance, the wages of men have been cut 34 per cent; the wages of women 40 per cent. In the shoe industry, men factory workers have been cut 40 per cent, women 45 per cent. In the candy industry men workers have suffered wage reductions of 23 per cent, women 30 per cent. The same figure applies to the canning and preserving plants of the city. This is the more serious since the wages of women were in all these cases from 30 to 50 per cent lower than the male workers in the same industries.

Outside New York City the figures are even more depressing. Wage reductions of women have gone to the point where the average in every case is below the level of subsistence. Here are the figures representing average weekly earnings of women factory workers. And these figures, let it be remembered, are for representative factories, not for the small, marginal, half-outlaw producers in the sweat shop category:

Women's clothing	$7.85
Men's clothing	7.42
Underwear	3.35
Shoes	9.07
Laundries	9.99
Paper boxes	12.33
Candy	10.94
Bakery products	9.65
Canning and preserving	8.48

These figures, it will readily be seen, are not far from the average for all factory workers back in 1900 — and in some cases are well below the figure of those days. Thus, under the pressure of our rapidly disintegrating economic structure, all the advances of thirty years of painful agitation have been lost.

IV

It is very important to understand that the facts set out here are not peculiar to New York City or State. They are, perhaps, worse in other places. The poison has indeed spread throughout the whole nation. It is for this reason that the Governor of New York, having forced a minimum wage bill in New York State, is eager to see other states follow in his steps. The enforcement of a minimum wage bill in New York will, of course, subject that state to unequal and unfair competition from other states which permit the abuse.

In order to learn something of conditions in other states, I have asked Mr. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, for data available to his organization. He has given me the result of a questionnaire covering every state in the union. It is not necessary to spread on the record all the dismal findings of that inquiry. A few will suffice. Here are some reports from widely scattered states and widely scattered industries.

At Florence, Alabama, cotton mill employees working 12 hours a day, three and a half days a week for 12 cents an hour. This is $1.44 a day for a 12-hour day.

At Malvern, Arkansas, lumber workers employed 10 hours a day, six days a week, for 10 cents an hour. This is the sixty hour week — precisely twice the stint fixed in the 30-hours a week bill of Senator Black from Alabama. Sixty hours a week for $6 a week. And this in the year 1933.

At Atlanta, Georgia, road work from 10 to 30 cents an hour.

In Chicago, workers in a packing company plant getting as low as $3 a week and few over $30 a week, while at Peoria, brass and aluminum workers are getting as low as $9 a week.

In Connecticut, for the last nine months of 1932, the average hours of a large silver company were 30 per week. The average wage for male workers was $15, female workers $9.

In New Jersey a large chain store working its employees nine and a half hours a day, 58 hours a week, for from $12 to $20 a week.

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Service station employees getting $12 a week for seven days of ten hours, and grocery store workers getting $8 and $10 a week for 72 hours — six days of 12 hours each.

Stokers in a large electrical manufacturing company branch in New York State getting $10 a week for eight and a half hours a day, five days.

Thus the sordid record could be drawn out endlessly. But these figures will suffice to bring out the fact that the so-called standard of living in America which endowed the worker, who was willing to work and had a job, with sufficient purchasing power to keep him supplied with a fair share of living comforts, is crumbling away. It is not only the unemployed who has lost his purchasing power, but the employed as well. It would be possible to collect together two huge groups of workers, one group wholly unemployed, the other group working either full or part time; the first group supported by public and private relief agencies, the other dependent on wages, without finding very much difference between the relative purchasing power of the two groups.

Obviously these workers are unorganized wage earners. But the poison of the starvation wage has not been kept wholly out of the organized groups. In the building trades, for instance, where an effort has been made to hold up the former wage level, many devices have been invented to break down that level. For instance, in New York City the contractor who is unwilling to pay the union wage may form a club to which the workers must belong. A large share of the wage paid the worker is deducted for dues to this club. Of course, this involves collusion between the worker and the employer to defeat the union scale. But the worker, in distress and desperate for money, has little choice.

Another method to defeat the union rule is to put the full wage into the envelope and have it appear on the books. Later a portion is taken out by the foreman or the worker may be permitted to leave the job site but must return a portion of it Monday morning before he is allowed to go to work for the succeeding week.

Obviously, short-cuts to non-union wages of this sort are employed by the less scrupulous employers. The result is not merely an injustice to the workman thus deprived of his full pay but it is an injustice to the employer who refuses to resort to such devious stratagems. And the effect in the end is to break down the structure of wages and working conditions.

The movement to put minimum wage laws for the protection of women on the statute books of all the leading industrial states is of course part of the war against this evil. But it would be folly to suppose that this can accomplish anything more than a slight mitigation of the plight of the most unfortunate workers. The root of the trouble lies deep down in the essential mechanism of our system and is related chiefly to the mortal injury to that system which now slowly brings the whole thing to a pause. My chief object in bringing this matter to public attention now is, of course, to emphasize the need for these minimum wage laws, but, far more important, to add my voice to the demand for heroic action by the government now — not a few months hence, but *now* — to take the initiative in setting in motion once again the wheels of industry by creating new income through a vast program of public works.

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To the Class of 1933

by **JOHN HYDE PRESTON**

I

WITHIN a few weeks you will all don cap and gown and sit patiently through a commencement address. You are already a little contemptuous of the speaker who will stand before you on that day; before you have heard his words, you are convinced that he will say little that can help you. You think he will do one of two things: he will either bluster in generalities, ignoring present realities altogether, or he will say helplessly, "The world is in a mess, gentlemen. My generation is responsible. The future belongs to the youth of the country. God be with you."

Drawings by John Melching

And perhaps you are right. Nothing could be more understandable than your feeling that the older generation has betrayed you and forced you to start your lives in a drunken and disordered world. But it will do you no good to bear a grudge; you are facing problems. First reflect that the older generation has taken nothing away from you; they have merely failed to keep the fantastic promises of 1928. You still have all that has sustained the spirit of man for centuries — the soil, the sky, the sea, spring and sunlight, music and books, and the love of women. Really your fate is not so unhappy as you believe. The first thing that you must dismiss from your minds is that it is your responsibility to rebuild the world as it existed previous to October, 1929; that was an unbalanced and orgiastic world that held no promise of enduring happiness for mankind, and those who wish for its return are only holding back the hands of the clock. You talk of the hopelessness and chaos of the present, but remember this: the true chaos was not born of the financial crash, but of the Prosperity Era; October, 1929, was the time when the cure set in and when humanity stopped standing on its head and came back on its feet once more.

It is to be expected that you will feel a certain despair upon entering the vast and surging arena of 1933. Don't forget that in the eight years since you first entered high school you have been leading a charmed and somewhat unreal existence. Now you will receive diplomas, but you will never actually graduate from college until you have grown adult enough to put those days behind you without regret, and face the new realities. There is no more lonely or pathetic figure on earth than the man who haunts fraternity clubs and pines all his life for the dear old days at his alma mater; he is like a new-born baby, frightened by light and noise and cold, who wishes to return to the womb. A measure of your intelligence will be the speed with which you are able to dispense with that fancied security. However reverently you may regard your cap and gown as a symbol of your adulthood, the probability is that you will never have occasion to put it on again — except for a masquerade ball.

I know you think it is a tragedy that you should have to start your careers at a time when the whole order of things is topsy-turvy; but it seems to me that you are luckier than those of us who entered the battle amid all the soft and deceptive luxury of the Coolidge administration, and then had the whole thing suddenly swept away from under us. You at least have had the good fortune to observe from a safe distance the magnitude and awful permanence of the change that has come over the world in the four years since you took up scholastic residence. You have had the opportunity to gain a perspective that has been denied to those of us who were caught in the swirl of dark events. You have had the leisure to decide how you are best able to deal with the

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difficulties ahead and you have not been harassed by pressure to act on snap judgments. You have had time to study conditions; you have had time to read and reflect; and those of you who are intelligent, those of you who did not go to college merely for athletics or social prestige, ought by this time to have a broad and fairly dispassionate view.

In this you are more fortunate than the men of my generation, who are now from five to ten years older than yourselves. We have suffered sorely from the defects of our upbringing. Life was so easy for us and our parents and our friends during those years when we were growing into manhood that we were never taught to cope with difficulties. We peered curiously into an outside world and there beheld a fairyland of "success" and wealth. We were born and bred to take our places in that fairyland. The emphasis of our education was placed upon the means by which we could accumulate as fast as possible the fabulous fortune that was our birthright. Such methods taught us how to make our mark, but apparently it was not within their scope to teach us how to live. In their morbid preoccupation with success, they ignored all its ingredients save wealth alone. When that elusive quantity vanished, these methods crumbled into disrepair, and they left their victims stranded in the midst of a world for which they were totally unprepared.

It is for you to watch out that you do not get stranded along with them. Capitalism — like any other "ism" — is but a flimsy superstructure around the great edifice of humanity; and if you were brought up to live on the superstructure alone, as were so many young men of the 1920's, then you will be in constant danger of falling with it. Do not forget that an education like yours produces spoiled children. Spoiled children can be charming as long as the world remains exactly what they expected it to be; it is only when it changes that they grow bitter and neurotic, whine and commit suicide. The world of 1933 is not at all what you or your parents expected it to be; the world of 1934 may be — it is possible — that much worse; and it will be only by force of character and hard thinking that you can prove yourselves worthy to be called adult.

I say that because I am convinced that many of your class, in spite of all that you have seen and heard, are riding for the same fall that was taken by my generation. I suspect many of you of still secretly believing in the code and methods of 1929 — now as antique as if they were removed from us by the distance of a century. I know that you are too wise to announce publicly in so many words that you still believe in Big Business and Prosperity, that you believe in the power with which they were once supposed to invest you, that you believe it is only a matter of time before they will be reinstated in all their glory. Quite the contrary: I hear you make gloomy predictions over your glass of beer.

But your gloom does not convince me of your change of heart; in fact, I have noticed that those of you who have really broken away from the traditional supports are not gloomy at all, but full of vigor and excitement over the new prospects. You tell me that selling bonds to-day is an impossible occupation because there is no money in it; but does it not occur to you that, even in the best times, bond salesmen are only parasites living in a fantastic vacuum and are now helpless in the face of reality? You tell me that Big Business has lost its charm for you because the glamour of an executive position has been dispelled by the depression; but have not the past few years shown you that no man is more impotent and directionless in bad weather than the "great executive" whom you were brought up to venerate? Some of you tell me that you would like to pursue some special study for a few years longer — at least, you say, "until times are better." No move could be more intelligent, provided you have a family able to support you. Yet there is one thing in that program of which you have not reassured me: are you really interested in the particular subject you have chosen, or are you merely using it as an excuse to stall for time? Because, if you seriously trust that it is only a matter of months or years before the world will return to the place where it stood so complacently when you entered college, then your education has been lost on you and you will never be more than useless baggage in the new society which is rising out of the ashes of the old.

II

Your first business upon entering the arena is to formulate a practical philosophy of living — a philosophy that will enable you to

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keep your own vigorous identity throughout all reverses — and to cast off those mantles of pathetic idealism in which I now see so many of you wrapped. You have got to become realists before you become men. There is no magic formula. Neither is there any immunity; life is going to hit you just as hard as it has hit other men throughout the long, tired centuries, and perhaps it is going to hit you even harder. It is for you to steel yourselves and work and love and pity and suffer and understand.

The drawback of an education like yours is that it provides you with a working knowledge of the world without giving you the perspective necessary to see it as a whole. The last thing that you would like to think about yourselves is that you are ignorant. You are not ignorant of history, of economics, of mathematics, of geology; you know government, politics, and business; but your ignorance of this thing called life is abysmal and tragic. The poor European peasant, whom you pity in your superior wisdom, knows more about birth and love and death than you have ever dreamed. It is true that he has none of the advantages of your education, but his intelligence in the conduct of his life may be trusted, whereas yours cannot. The peasant feels; he considers; he is in daily contact with animals and the soil; he has time to sit before his fire; from the wind and the seasons and the sun and the rain and the order of days and the eyes of beasts and men, he learns a peace and patience that books could never teach him. He is under no pressure to become a land baron or a Napoleon in order to fulfill his obligation to society. He is resigned to the great cosmic round.

Your tragedy is that you have been brought up in the frenzy of a competitive world. Your generation and my generation have been taught to compete for everything — not only in business, but also in life. The cult of individual success has made us all such egoists that we find ourselves looking upon the depression, for example, as a personal calamity. We permit ourselves to be staggered by anything that threatens for a moment our divine right to power. We are only too prone to despair of the meaning of life when it does not turn out to be the picture we are looking for. Real intelligence is flexibility; our education has left us hopelessly static. Young men who were brought up to be employees in some big firm and now find themselves without jobs are doing "anything to tide over"; but they are not doing anything to build up a new and different place for themselves. In the face of reality they are at once pitiful and resourceless.

And the reason is this: the average young American has never been taught a philosophy of disillusion. His education has prepared him to fight his way in a vast civilization, but it has never made him civilized. He has concentrated so long upon becoming an important man that he has no idea how to become a human being. He lives for eight years in a world at once secure and unreal, but a knowledge of *things* is all that he brings out of it. He knows facts and means, but he does not know himself. Like a child, he still believes in the impossible, and the discovery that the universe is not a box of toys makes him, not quietly ironic, but bitterly cynical. In his approach to his business, his pleasures, and his emotions, he shows himself appallingly ill-equipped to deal with life on the terms which life dictates.

Now it is your chance to profit by his example; it is your chance to give birth to a new type of American, chastened and more mellow. It is for you to see that a world intoxicated, first by war and then by prosperity, is apt to lose sight of certain human verities which neither logic nor changes can permanently dispose of. The depression has taught us that mere success cannot compensate for those other qualities of steadfastness and faith and courage, so venerated by our forebears. The post-war generation, in its very natural defiance, took pride in turning out of doors all the verities of the past; the young people of the 1920's thought they could safely throw away all the vessels that had held water for their fathers. Out of the sophisticated boredom that comes with riches they fashioned a fantastic morality that had no beginning, no middle, and no end. It took all the varied forms of promiscuity — chief among which was, perhaps, promiscuous boasting. The grandchild of the Pilgrims tried, with the help of Freud, gold, and alcohol, to make himself into a libertine. In that attempt he produced a world as hectic as it was incongruous. But he was never happy in it, as you would never be happy. Since 1929 he has had time to take stock of himself and he has seen that defiance is a pretty uncertain foundation for human living. He has even come to the

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point of confessing an envy of the security of the Victorians. He has come to realize that not everything said between 1860 and 1918 was absurd and without meaning, and he is beginning to search again for old values that may serve to brighten his present outlook.

Because of his excesses, and because of the equally absurd excesses of the Puritan, you now find yourselves bewildered in your attitude toward women and morals. You are caught in a laughable impasse between the romantic chivalry of the pioneer and the empty recklessness of the post-war Don Juan. It is one of the prices you have to pay for living in the twentieth century. The industrial revolution has borne both luscious and bitter fruit. By giving human beings more leisure, it brought about a profound change in morals. The American woman of two hundred years ago was not as neurotic as her sister of to-day. That is because she felt secure; the modern woman does not.

In the simple farming communities of 1733 a man needed a wife in order to get on; while he tilled the soil she baked the bread and took care of the house. But in a world where money flows like water women become less necessary in the everyday life; men find that they can succeed alone and they can turn to women only when a romantic fancy dictates. Thus, in prosperous times, the modern woman is forced to artful methods if she hopes to ensnare the elusive male. Though she may be too proud to confess it, she wants to feel that you need her. She wants to feel that she can do more than merely grace your dinner table or satisfy your physical desires. Naturally such conditions and such feelings are upsetting to morals. The woman who feels that she is nothing but a plaything, becomes one; but she makes you suffer for accepting her as such, for you have denied her desire to become a wife, a mother, and a person.

I believe that now the depression, for all its evils, will help both her and you. You at least have the advantage of facing a new and fluid world. Most of the absurd patterns of thought and behavior, which looked in 1929 as if they had come to stay, have now vanished. Young men and young women are again in need of each other; if they expect to be happy, they must deal together with the stern realities of the present. There is no room in the new order of things for the spoiled child, male or female.

III

I KNOW you are worried lest the possibility of your not being able to get a job will keep you from marriage for a long time. You should be worried; it is a grave concern. But let me remind you (though I know it is small comfort) that by virtue of your youth you are luckier than those of us who are now nearing thirty. Here again you can thank your stars for the changes brought about by the depression. The past four years have thrown into the discard the old idea that a man ought to have a sizable financial reserve before he enters into marriage. The pampered daughter of the rich, who was educated to the expectation of marrying a rich man, was secure so long as there were plenty of rich men to go around, but to-day they are few and far between and that pampered daughter must either become a thinking adult or never emerge at all from the parental security.

To-day more and more young men and young women are marrying on no more than a prayer and enough money to carry them for a month or two. It may be dangerous, but so are most things that are worth while; and these young people, whatever may be their trials in the future, are at least showing that they have enough courage to face life squarely. They are no longer depending upon uncertain external aids, but upon themselves, and they are beginning to realize the meaning of a true partnership.

I know a young couple — "intellectuals" in every sense of that much-abused word — who found that they were unable to survive under the pressure of New York and, taking fate into their own hands, went to live on an abandoned farm in Vermont; and now for two years they have existed on the yield of the land and thirty dollars a month and are, by their own confession, happier and healthier than they have

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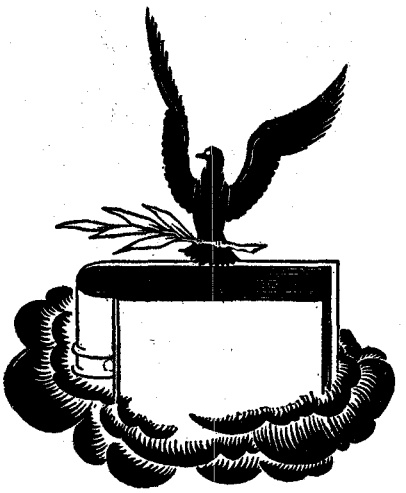
ever been before. Perhaps their case is a rare one, but there is a deep significance in the fact shown by statistics that over a million Americans have returned to the soil within the last twelve month. Young people who are willing to forego the synthetic thrills of city life and live quietly in the country, growing their own vegetables and perhaps raising their own pigs, are finding that it is possible to obtain a new happiness and peace on very little money.

Of course I know that such a scheme of things would not be practicable for all of you; to some temperaments it would bring only discontent. I do not suggest it as your solution, but simply as an indication that a way of living can always be found provided there is strength and vigor. If you are planning to be married, there is no reason to despair of the future because you cannot get a job. You have many things on your side; it is to your advantage that the world is in a state of flux and that almost anything that does not interfere with other people is acceptable. You and your wife-to-be have got to face the new conditions together and work out a relationship in which your desires and your capabilities will coincide. In this, more than in any other thing, do you have to cast off the code of the Old Régime. Love is probably the most important thing that will ever happen to you, and love, according to a saying as old as itself, will find a way. I believe that you will discover that the modern girl is as ready to accept the challenge of 1933 as you are; for she knows, if she is intelligent, that she must accept it or get left behind.



The depression, if you will allow it to mature you by ridding your minds of some of the superstitions of your childhood, will also help you in your choice of a wife. Marriage is a hazardous career even for the most thoughtful; but during the Prosperity Era a whole generation tended to think of it in terms of romantic love alone and to forget its social aspects. It was becoming a sort of legalized lark which could be indulged in at a certain price; and after the excitement had worn off we could afford to buy back our freedom in the divorce courts. But such adventures are too expensive for 1933. The scarcity of money has thrown humanity back on its own resources; we have begun to see that happiness is not for sale over the counter. You young men to-day are looking for women who will help you solve your problems. You know at last that your farming ancestors were not entirely wrong in choosing good cooks to share their beds. Of course your needs are more complex than theirs, but you have come back to the idea of a wife as a co-worker, and that is the most important step of all. If you hope to build and create with your wife, it is your responsibility before you marry her to find out how interested she is in your work, whether she has any resources of her own, whether her mind stimulates you to action and new thoughts, whether she can endure hardships such as she has never been brought up to face, and whether her habits and choice of pleasures are at all like yours.

Such an approach to the holy estate of matrimony may seem to you cold-blooded and offend your sensibilities; but let me remind you that nothing is more cold-blooded than Reno, the result of an opposite approach. In these times of uncertainty and chaos it is the problem of your generation to reëstablish the moral stability of the nation; and there can be no stability, moral or otherwise, in the face of multiple divorce. It may sound old-fashioned to say that the home is the core of civilization, but there can be no doubt that a society dominated by selfish individuals — men and women who think that every new love entitles them to a trip to Nevada — is doomed to eventual ruin.

IV

You are entering a world as challenging as it is various. You will face more difficulties than did your brothers of 1929, but at least you will have the good luck to find things more flexible and mobile than they have been for decades. The future belongs to those who have the courage to be adventurous. The rigidity of the old order has collapsed; every channel is open for the free play of your minds and the

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world is hungry for ideas. It is for you to take your own stand. It is for you to make your own choice of the work you wish to do. No one can tell you to-day, as they would have told you five years ago, that Big Business is the field in which you can exert the greatest power; for Big Business has lost its sanctity and made itself absurd by its own excesses. Never before in the history of America have young men had so much freedom in selecting a career. No doubt many of you will be drawn to the professions — to law, to government, to education, or to that noblest of all professions, medicine — and it seems to me that, provided you have some means of support through extended years of study, you could not choose more wisely. There is no hurry about entering the fray in these troubled times, and the more chance you have to meditate upon the scene the happier you will be in the end.

Some of you will feel an urge toward science and the arts; but think before you leap: you are embarking upon the most chaste and exacting of man's occupations. Probably it is true that the scientist and the artist are the two beings most necessary to humanity in a day of storm and stress; but don't forget that they also have to be the most self-sacrificing and long-suffering. If you want to be a bio-chemist or a sculptor or a poet or a musician because you are intoxicated by dreams of fame, you had better give it up to-morrow; for only a chosen few will ever reach the top and the rest will waste themselves in cheapness and frustration. Count on this: if you really stand in need of expression, no power on earth can keep you from it; there are no mute Miltons; the man who tells you that he might have been a Paderewski or an Einstein if he hadn't been forced to support his family is only a romanticist who has made himself a subject of mythology.

In my discussions with you I have heard you talk enthusiastically of many pursuits — of architecture, engineering, manufacturing, teaching, farming — but there is one career which you seldom mention, and that is politics. I know the very word has a stinking savor, but you should be intelligent enough to look beyond the surface show. Our country, especially in this time of turmoil, has need of young men with courage and background; it has need to be revitalized with the blood of youth and new ideas. The Governor of Connecticut, in this same magazine (FORUM, April, 1932), challenged the men of your generation to take an active part in the affairs of state as a necessary step toward your own salvation. I know you are disgusted by all the corruption and red tape in our federal and city governments; but that is hardly a reason for you to sit back and say you can do nothing about it. Consider that perhaps it is up to you to clear the air. Don't think that you have no chance because you are young. The exciting experiments that are now taking place in Russia and Germany are controlled by youth; ten years ago Mussolini's *fascisti* took Rome with an army made up of mere boys, fired by the vision of a great leader who was himself still young. America's political future hangs in the balance; it is a challenge to your energies and your intelligence, as well as to your patriotism and your chivalry.

But, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, what you do is not so important as what you are. Your first responsibility to the world and to yourselves is to become men. It is to acclimate yourselves to conditions imposed upon you by the exigencies of 1933 and to act under those conditions with serenity and direction until you finally become strong enough to make new conditions of your own. The present crisis is not economic alone; it is also moral and spiritual; and there can be no true economic recovery until there is first a moral and spiritual recovery. The tragedy of 1929 was not that rich men lost their fortunes, but that without those fortunes so many of them could see no reason for living. America has found that those moneyed demi-gods were not true leaders; now she is crying aloud for new ones, of a new type. And to lead is within your power: but it is for you to determine, individually, how you are best able to lead — whether as poet, preacher, scientist, or however. Man, in the fine phrase of Nietzsche, is "the redeemer of accident unto order." You are starting your mature lives in a world of accident. If, within the time it is given you to live, you can redeem some of the broken pieces of our civilization unto order, you will have served humanity and served it well.

In the Next Issue — "The Social Revolution," by Edward Campbell Aswell.

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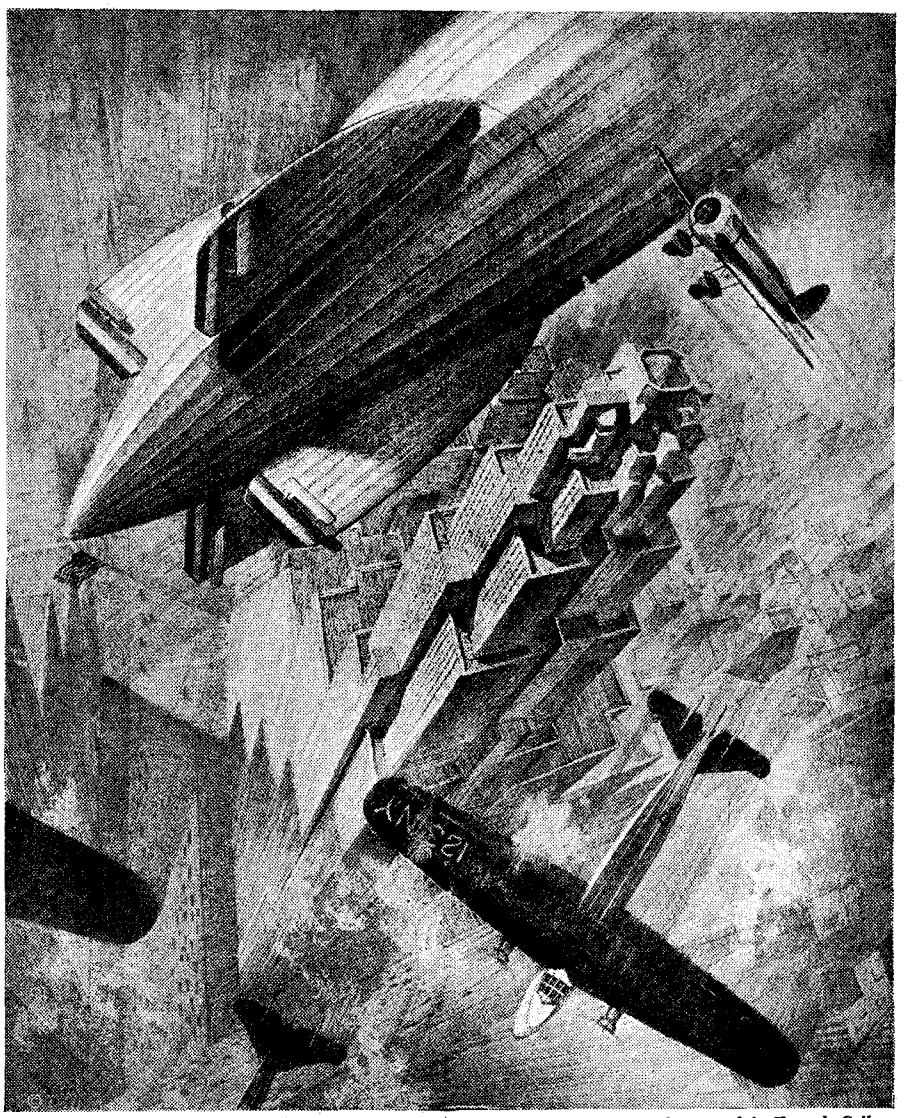
After the *Akron*

Should We Continue to Build Airships?



From a lithograph by John MacGilchrist *Courtesy of the Kennedy Gallery*

by WILLIAM HOVGAARD

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THE *Akron* disaster has again revived the discussion as to the future of rigid airships. At this writing, the cause of the loss of the *Akron* is still unknown. The investigation is not completed, the evidence is meager and in at least one important point conflicting. Did the buckling of the girders occur when the ship took the water or before, and was it due to general or local weakness of the hull? Was there any leakage of gas cells? Was the rudder damaged while the ship was in the air? Or was the fall of the ship simply due to a violent downward air current? Could the disaster have been avoided by more cautious navigation and more especially by keeping a higher altitude? Was there any sabotage? All these and other questions must be answered before the *Akron* tragedy can be used as an argument in the major issue: is it worth while to continue the airship service?

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This technical aspect of the problem, along with the military and the commercial considerations — all of which must be mentioned separately — is the first angle from which we should examine the future of the rigid airship. As developed during the war by the Germans, the Zeppelin airship was of very light construction. This was necessitated by the ever-increasing requirement to higher ceiling caused by the rapid development in climbing power or airplanes. Lighter construction required a saving in weight, and the result was a reduction in structural strength.

In 1917 the German airship *L-49* was captured by the French, who made a minute survey of the ship. When the United States undertook the construction of airships after the war, the design of the first ship, the *Shenandoah*, was based on that of *L-49*. At first the intention was to make a literal copy of the German ship, but gradually changes were introduced, with the result that when the *Shenandoah* was completed she was certainly superior in strength to *L-49*. It was believed, therefore, that the *Shenandoah* possessed sufficient strength, although it was realized that under reasonable assumptions as to the ærodynamic forces to which she might be exposed, the factor of safety was very low, being in fact somewhat less than two, whereas ordinarily in structural engineering a factor of four is considered necessary. This condition, however, was accepted, partly because it was physically impossible to increase the strength of the ship without seriously impairing its æronautical and military qualities, and partly because the experience of the Germans seemed to show that such a factor of safety was adequate.

The loss of the *Shenandoah*, in 1925, was undoubtedly due to structural breakdown, and yet as a technical achievement the ship probably ranks among the highest in structural engineering. Fundamentally, the disaster was due to a lack of knowledge and experience, especially as regards the ærodynamic forces to which an airship may be exposed. But such knowledge and experience were simply unobtainable at that time. The disaster must be regarded as an object lesson; it was the price paid for a rather rapid and ambitious development of an entirely new type of vessel.

The loss of *R-38*, built in England and acquired by the United States, was again due to structural breakdown. Finally the British airship *R-101* was lost in 1930. The Court of Inquiry ascribed the disaster to leakage of the gas cells, but this verdict has been seriously questioned and it has been maintained by a competent authority that this too was a case of structural failure.

In the design and construction of the *Akron*, launched in 1931, was focussed all previous experience in airships, theoretical and practical, accumulated in Germany as well as in the United States. No effort or expense were spared in research, design, and construction of the ship, so that it can be assumed that the *Akron* represented the highest development of the art.

Although the *Akron* undoubtedly possessed much greater strength than the *Shenandoah*, the factor of safety was still equal to about two, but the calculations were based on much more severe ærodynamic conditions, which means that if the same conditions had been assumed as in the design of the *Shenandoah*, the *Akron* would probably be found to have been about twice as strong. Yet it cannot be asserted that the *Akron* was strong enough to meet all conditions of the service. The factor of safety is a vague and uncertain criterion unless it is based upon long experience.

As has been said, at the time these lines are written the cause of the *Akron* tragedy is still unknown. Perhaps, as in the case of the *R-101*, it will never be definitely determined. Whatever may be the outcome of the inquiry, the outstanding fact is that airships are very delicate and must be handled with great caution. If they are to gain the confidence of the public, it seems advisable to adopt a radically different mode of construction by which greater robustness can be attained. In this respect the so-called "metal-clad" airship, a product of American ingenuity, seems to hold out the greatest promise. Lack of space forbids a description of this type of craft, but it is believed to be superior to all other rigid airships in simplicity, strength, and durability. Other major improvements also appear to be possible, such as the use of a stronger material for the internal framework and a somewhat smaller ratio of length to diameter. On the whole the possibilities for improvement in the general strength of airships are by no means exhausted.

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The Military Value of Airships

If we assume that it is possible to construct an airship which is technically satisfactory, the next question to consider is whether it has such military value, tactical or strategical, as will justify its use as an engine of war (there is sufficient evidence that if airships can be made safe and reliable, they will be commercially successful). From a military point of view the large rigid airship is inherently frail and vulnerable. It is on the whole ill suited to land warfare, where its deadly enemies, the airplane and the anti-aircraft artillery, act under the most favorable conditions. Probably it is also unsuited as a tactical adjunct to the fleet.

On the other hand, there are in naval warfare certain strategic duties which can be better performed by airships of large or moderate size than by any other type of vessel. I refer in particular to coastal patrol and coastal reconnoitering. This was one of the important lessons of the Great War, but it has not been generally recognized or given sufficient weight.

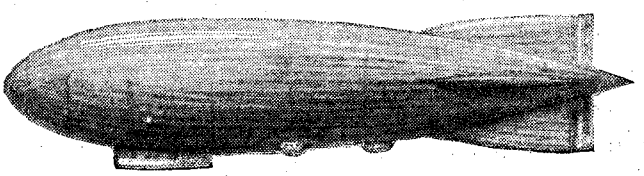
As explained by Captain Ernst Lehmann, one of the greatest authorities on this subject, the German airships carried out an efficient patrol of the North Sea throughout the war. Practically all movements of the British Navy in the North Sea were at once reported to German headquarters by the airships, and for this reason the British rarely put to sea in smaller detached forces toward Germany. The German raids against the east coast of England were rendered possible by reconnoitering carried out by the airships.

But perhaps the most important task of the German airships was to oppose British mine laying in German waters. In fact such operations were practically prevented under favorable weather conditions and could be carried out only on dark and stormy nights or in dense fogs. When the mine fields were planted, they could be readily located and marked off by the airships, and the mine sweepers depended in their work chiefly on the vigilance and assistance of the airships. According to Captain Lehmann, the Zeppelin patrol from first to last took precedence over all other airship activities.

Let us translate these experiences in terms of the coast defenses of the United States. This country has two extensive coast lines facing large open oceans. On each coast are several important harbors and inlets liable to attack by raiding forces of warships and especially exposed to the dangers of mine barrages. To ward off such an attack an efficient coast patrol and incessant coastal reconnoitering are absolutely necessary, and it is clear that airships are better suited for these duties than airplanes and surface vessels, since airplanes cannot keep up a long, continued patrol and surface ships are relatively slow and have a comparatively short range of vision.

Airships may be useful for other purposes. They may under certain conditions be the best means of keeping up our connection with the Canal Zone and the Hawaiian Islands. They are especially suited for detection of submarines, and would be valuable in convoy service. The airship, therefore, is amply justified from a military point of view.

It is for these reasons — because of its commercial and military usefulness, and because structural improvements seem to be forecast — that the rigid airship service should not be discontinued at the present time. English, American, and French Zeppelins have been a disappointment, it is true, but one should not forget that airships built in Germany and operated by Germans have been on the whole successful. Sixty-two German Zeppelins were active in naval operations during the war, and did important work. Therefore the Zeppelin type cannot be condemned unconditionally. The *Macon*, sister ship to the *Akron*, should be employed for further training, and research and design work should continue so that a new, improved airship can be put under construction as soon as means can be made available.



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To-morrow's Market

What Shall We Sell When the Upturn Comes—and to Whom?

by **ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT**

No one, of course, can predict with assurance the precise state of affairs six months from now. No one can say when our sick world will be able to remove its bandages and resume feeding in company. But — providing the patient does not develop gangrene from, say, unbridled inflation or other measures of the quacks — there are certain things we are bound to see, soon or late. I am interested, as an advertising man concerned with the distribution of manufactured products, in figuring which existing products are in for a growth and in guessing what new products we shall use in our daily life as it is modified by the experiences we are now going through.

First, we may take to be a fact that which has long been recognized by competent observers and loudly preached by (does one dare mention them so late in the year?) the t-ch--cr-ts: that there will never again in this civilization come a time when all of us can find employment working eight hours a day, five and a half days a week, producing the things we now use. At the moment we have more wheat than we can eat, more clothes than we can wear, more transportation than we can use, and more buildings than we can live in — and still we have more working time than we can use. To be specific, we have about half a billion working-hours a week, all in the possession of the unemployed. We have made them a present of a large wad of leisure which they do not want. Now unoccupied time can wear two aspects: the sinister one of complete unemployment of a large part of the people, or the benevolent one of partial unemployment of all the people — which is to say of fewer working hours and more hours of leisure. Some day we shall get our available employment shared around among substantially everybody, and because our total requirement in working hours to fulfill our needs is on the decrease as it has been for years, the share of hours per person will be far less than it has been. And the share of each person in free time will be correspondingly larger.

I am not picturing a rosy Utopia. We may reach the state of equitably shared employment only after years of infinite misery, suffering, and irreparable damage to our economic and social structure. We may have it forced on us by regulatory legislation — the Black bill, limiting labor to 30 hours per week, is on the verge of passage as this is written. It will, however, affect only productive industry engaged in interstate commerce. Or we may come to it by sensible reflection and deliberate coöperative action led by the principal factors in every field. But eventually we shall be at work again.

It does not matter (to the future of the world) what we shall be paid for our labor. Our average earnings may be $20 a week or $200 or $2000 or 20,000 Ergs or 200,000 Marx's. The higher you put the figure the more difficulty you have in readjustment to meet it. *But*, money being merely a medium for the exchange of labor for goods, and prices being based, in the last analysis, on the cost of labor, prices will adjust themselves in time so that each of us will be able to buy about the same proportionate share of all commodities that he was in, say 1929. And as production efficiency increases we shall (if we regulate our hours of employment so that we all continue at work) be able to have larger quantities of the necessities, the comforts, and the luxuries of life.

So what? Picture us in 1934 or 1964 (and it may conceivably be one as well as the other) finally back at work again on a basis of 30 hours, more or less, per week, not only in

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industry subject to federal regulation under the Black bill, but in substantially all industry and trade, interstate and intrastate, productive and distributive. Each one of us is trading his labor for a share in the production of all of us. And that share is commensurate with the demand for his particular skill, experience, and ability. Of what will that share of goods consist?

Partly the answer is to be found in the fact that we shall have, say, 14 hours more per week for leisure time. This immediately suggests the classes of commodity that help to use up leisure. The classic in this field is, of course, the automobile. Between the years 1900 and 1929 passenger cars increased from 8000 to 23,121,589, a growth of nearly 2900 times in 29 years. This growth took place alongside a growth in the amount of leisure hours available through the decrease in working time, first of the employing class, then of the white-collar worker, and then of the labor groups. And it came about largely *as a result* of this increased leisure. Idle hours called into being the means of their own beguilement. But the automobile is only the most prominent feature of a landscape studded with commodities created by the demand of leisure time. Consider the commerce in motion pictures which grew from nothing at all to a volume well over the billion-and-a-half mark in 1929. And, if you like figures (some people don't), consider those in the table, which show the growth of a few manufacturing industries in articles directly concerned with the use of leisure time.

Growth in manufacture of representative products used for occupation of leisure time; 1914 to 1929.

	Value per 100 population: *1914*	*1929*
Billiard and Pool Tables, Bowling Alleys, etc....	$4.89	$7.02
Cigars and Cigarettes...	314.88	874.00
Confectionery.....	153.68	317.60
Ice Cream.....	55.98	254.00
Motor Cars.....	414.00	2,282.00
Phonographs.....	27.11	79.55
Photographic apparatus and materials.....	39.04	83.70
Printing and Publishing — Newspapers and Periodicals.....	495.90	1,406.00
Sporting and Athletic Goods.....	13.23	43.60
Radio Apparatus.....	.79	354.10
Total of the above.....	$1,519.50	$5,701.57

(Basic data, courtesy of Moody's Investors' Service)

But the figures in the table tell only a small part of the story. They do not tell of the growth of the distributing industries by which the various products reached the consumer. They do not tell, either, of the growth of many industries and quasi-industries which are also devoted to amusing people in their off-hours: professional baseball, football, boxing, wrestling, and hockey; college football and other so-called amateur spectator-sports with million-dollar "gates." They do not tell of the great growth of golf, tennis, swimming, and other participant-sports. Neither do they tell of the rise of the great cosmetic industry — an indirect outgrowth of increased leisure, or of soft drinks or chewing-gum. They do not mention the business of advertising, which has grown as a by-product of the time people had available for reading publications, listening to the radio, and seeing outdoor signs.

If we increase our total number of leisure hours still more, what new developments shall we see?

Idleness Makes Work

First, there will be a resumed and a quickened expansion of existing forms of amusement. Radio and the movies are on the make, whatever temporary setbacks they may have sustained during a period when a quarter of their potential customers were without money to buy. Painless forms of entertainment, with a minimum strain on the attention and intelligence and a minimum requirement in the way of education for their appreciation, are on a long-time up-grade. When they have attained their real growth the disorganization of the early 30's will be a mere nick in the upward curve of their expansion. Nothing can stop them, for they are founded on a laziness inherited from Adam, a love of entertainment derived from Eve, and an I. Q. that goes all the way back to the monkeys. There will, of course, be technical developments to increase the attractiveness of these forms of diversion. Commercially practicable television is just over the horizon. Perfected color in movies will make monotone talkies as old-fashioned as the silent silver screen.

The spectator sports, too, are still on the make. The "gates" of the years after adjustment will make that of the famous Soldier Field brawl between Mr. Dempsey and Mr.

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Tunney look like the takings of amateur night in a small-time athletic club. There may be — and probably will be — substantially new forms of sport for large crowds. Who shall say that *jai alai* or box lacrosse or some other one of the tender shoots now being nurtured in our soil will not take hold? If they do not some other form of game will do so — and gather in the shekels by the tens of thousands.

The participant sports will also increase notably. Golf (which has had a severe setback as a rich man's game) is bound to recover. What is more, the growth of public and semi-public links by new construction and by foreclosure of club links insures a wider popularity for the game than it has ever had, even in its palmiest days. So, too, with tennis and swimming. The millions of civic and private dollars that have gone into playgrounds, courts, pools, and beaches are only a beginning. And we may expect the introduction of still other sports unknown or little known at present. There is, for example, a pint-size tennis game that can be played in any back yard and is played on hundreds of municipal playgrounds. There are infinite possibilities of other games. If you, ambitious reader, want to make a tidy fortune, invent and patent the tools of some game which can be played by two or four people on a dressed-up vacant lot or in a Florida patio. Give it coeducational possibilities. Make it easy to master but leave room at the top for expert artistry. Make it not too strenuous. Let it combine visual and auditory pleasures with the satisfaction of smacking a ball (or an opponent or both) good and hard. Publicize it well; introduce it from the top down; don't let it grow too fast — and order your own steam yacht.

There will always, of course, be sedentary games. Some of them rise and fall as fads (as Mah Jong did). Some of them rise, fall, and rise again, as backgammon and picture puzzles have. Some, like bridge, are always with us. Consider bridge for a moment. The playing-card production of the country increased from 33 million packs in 1915 to 53 million in 1929. The century-old game of whist in its current phase as contract bridge is as permanent a fixture in our social life as running water and modern plumbing.

Other sedentary amusements wax and wane, or wax and refuse to wane. Crossword puzzles cannot be killed, as many a newspaper has found when it tried to dispense with a syndicated service in this line. The publishing business, in spite of the competition of the movies and the radio and in spite of its own overproduction, is still good for a rise. There have been various inventions designed to make books painless, too. A distinguished Admiral (retired) devised a pair of spectacles which would pass before the eyes of the reader a book in film form, so that the cost of a novel would be twenty-five cents or so, and the labor of holding it open *nil*. Others have devised talking books and other varieties of *belles lettres* in capsule size. There have been rumors of a device for a sort of movie-projector in book-like form, to run rental-library films through for those who want to see only *what* they want to see *when* they want to see it and in the privacy of their homes. Whatever comes to successful fruition in this field, there will always be a market for the wares of the story-teller, and a growing one so long as leisure time keeps increasing and demanding to be filled.

What of the transportation-amusements? Has the automobile market been saturated? At the moment it is drowned. But it will come back with a constant replacement market so long as fuel is cheap, and a possibility of expansion exists so long as roads can still be widened and extended. The wayside industries which grew out of automobile touring had the effect at first of encouraging that form of recreation. Of late years they have tended to choke it. Hot dog stands, road signs, and other garish appeals to the motorist may well be regulated in the interest of encouraging tourists again. There are existent chains of well-organized and cheap tourist inns. In some sections of the country tourist camps abound. It is conceivable that we may see a great development of touring in caravan-style cars when and if the highways are made practicable and attractive for that sort of amusement.

Air travel, of course, has been the gaudiest exhibit of the Utopians for years. We shall very likely see some growth of commercial transportation in this field — particularly when landing fields are made more accessible to the business districts of the larger cities. But we are unlikely to see the cartoonist's dream of an air filled with private craft until out of the airplane or its cousin the autogyro has been

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developed, a machine which is foolproof, fogproof, darkproof, and capable of ordinary mechanical failure without complete disaster. If the aviation industry wants to create a popular market it must create a machine which can operate in landing and taking-off space as limited as that required by the autogyro, which can (if necessary) land safely at any instant after the take-off in any kind of weather and which can be cared for in a reasonable sized hangar with as little expense for mechanic service in inspection and tuning-up as a good car. A pretty big order? For 1934, yes. But for 1944 . . . who knows?

What about boats and boating? Here is another industry on the rise. The outboard motor has made a potential yachtsman out of every shipping clerk — and actual yachtsmen out of many thousands of them. You can buy a cabin cruiser to-day (fit to take you anywhere in coastwise and inland waters and to be your home when you get there) for less than the price of a middling-good car four years ago — for less than the price of a better-class car to-day. The charms of cruising (and the negative charms of touring on congested roads) have attracted landsmen in ever-increasing numbers to the water, so that registered motor boats have increased from 91,779 in 1919 to 260,983 in 1932. More people per thousand own motor boats to-day than owned motor cars in 1908. Indeed the growth of yachting has been so steady that the rate of increase in registered boats has hardly showed up in the post-depression years.

There has been, of course, much recent talk about the return of another commodity to help us use up our leisure (and thereby create employment for ourselves). Alcohol in its various forms is precisely in the class of leisure-users. The German has his infinite acres of beer-gardens; the Frenchman his cafés, with pleasant terraces under the plane-trees for the sipping of *vermouth-cassis* and other concoctions. The industries arising out of these forms of diversion are extremely important factors in the life of both nations. So also is the size of the food industries in the European countries. The German eats five meals or more a day. The Englishman eats four. The Frenchman consumes an extraordinary tonnage of foodstuffs at home and in numberless restaurants. Shall we, perhaps, beguile our leisure not only with beer and its more potent brother-products, but with another meal a day?

Decentralization Means New Jobs

And this brings us to commodities a step outside the field of pure amusement — commodities that will be influenced by a great change in our living conditions which will grow out of shorter working hours. There will be a shift of population from urban to suburban centers.

The suburbs became popular dwelling places when two things happened. First, when the executive and white-collar classes began working shorter hours. Second, when rapid transit developed to a point where a man could live 20, 30, and even 40 miles away from a metropolis and still breakfast and dine at home. Now we are going to see the hours of all industry reduced. It will be possible not only for the office worker but for the factory hand to have his garden and still get to work in time — *provided* he can find a place to have that garden inexpensively, and, along with it, inexpensive means of transit to his work bench.

This means a great development of housing outside the cities. It means the utilization of land now undeveloped, even near to the larger cities. It means the development of inexpensive houses — not jerry-built houses in long rows — but houses of a far better type on small plots of open land within one-hour commuting distance of big cities. Fabricated houses are being developed for this market. And they are good houses. Sound modern design, utilizing modern materials — steel, cement, asbestos, glass, linoleum, wallboard plastics, and similar substitutes for cumbersome expensive wood-and-brick construction — make possible a house of 6 rooms, bath, downstairs lavatory, porch, sundeck, and every comfort and convenience of the modern suburban dwelling. This house can be produced in quantity for less than $2000, assembled — in thousand lots for as little as $1600. More elaborate layouts are very little more expensive. We are likely to see extensive districts near the cities developed into suburban sections covered with houses of this type. And we are likely to see private enterprise racing with civic organizations to supply public golf courses, tennis courts, swimming pools, amusement parks, and the like for the business in this new type of community.

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Meanwhile there must inevitably grow up a whole new outfit for rapid transit. Railways, subway, and elevated systems, fast trolley lines, bus systems, and express highways will develop to handle the needs of people whose new-found leisure makes it possible for them to live farther from work. Together with these there will be certain accessory industries — parking spaces and garages, *etc.*

Presumably, also, there will follow a decentralization of business. Already we have seen a marked tendency in manufacturing industries to seek less cramped quarters nearer to more comfortably housed labor. Distributive industry has spread out, too. The outlying-district drug store has become even more of a department store than its city prototype. The chain store has carried to the small-town and suburban corner goods which previously could not be obtained except in specialized shops in the big cities. Large city department stores have established branches in suburban and vacation centers to catch "the carriage trade." When the bread-and-butter trade follows the carriage trade into the suburbs the retail trade will follow it yet more energetically.

Indeed, the developments affecting the future living conditions of people as a whole are clearly indicated by the changes which have already taken place in the lives of people who first got shorter hours. Men and women in the higher income brackets were the first to have motor cars: the white-collar classes and then the masses followed them. They were the first to live in the suburbs. The white-collar classes have followed them and the masses are tending that way. They were the first to use cosmetics and to wear silk stockings — both now necessities of every-day life to the shopgirl and the factory worker. For years the implements of golf and tennis were badges of affluence; now they are only indications of their owners having once possessed a moderate purchase price and now living near a public links or playground. People working shorter hours in the future will live more like the affluent of yesterday — not because we are going to have a Utopian civilization, but because demand brings into being the materials for its supply.

So far we have been dealing with articles of commerce which directly and indirectly help to use up leisure time. There is, of course, another class of commodities which will occupy a large place in manufacture and commerce — labor-saving devices.

By this I do not mean improved machinery for industrial production, for business administration, or for distribution. Such products will, of course, be in constant demand as long as they can be devised and profitably applied. I refer, rather, to labor-saving devices for the home. Consider the situation. Mike Homo, who used to work ten hours a day in the machine shop, then eight hours a day, and then (thanks to the depression) no hours a day at all, at last gets steady work at six hours a day, five days a week. Reduced pay, to be sure, but prices have come down to meet him, so that his pay and the price of commodities are in line. He can have (as he used to have) a car, a radio, money for the movies, and a little over. His hours — nine to four — will allow him to live where he can get some amusement after work is over. But what of Mrs. Mike? Does anyone think she is going on working twelve hours a day while Mike loafs and follows *la vie sportive?* Not so you could notice it. She will do one of two things — either put Mike on schedule as dishwasher and floor-sweeper or insist on having the same automatic housework machinery — vacuum cleaners, electric irons, and the like — that white-collar wives have been getting to give them free time comparable to that of their men. The table shows how far these wives — numerically in the minority — have gone. If I know Mrs. Mike, there will be big increases in the commodities which help her get out of the kitchen.

Growth in manufacture of representative electrical products for saving time and labor in housework.

	Value per 100 population:	
Domestic Electrical Appliances 1914–1929	$3.46	$62.90
Vacuum Cleaners 1919–1929	20.36	27.45
Toasters (Electric) 1923–1929	1.26	3.62
Electric Stoves, Plates, and Ranges 1914–1929	.67	11.19
Flatirons 1914–1929	1.46	6.33
Waffle Irons 1914–1929	.79	3.47
Washing Machines 1914–1929	7.60	65.65
Refrigerators (Electric) 1927–1929	80.30	131.95

Totals not comparable due to difference in dates.
(Basic data, courtesy of Moody's Investors' Service)

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The electrical apparatus I have listed is only a small part of the picture. The trend of the times is away from the kitchen and toward the bridge table. There has been a tremendous increase in the use of canned and packaged foods ready or semi-ready to serve, and it will continue. Home sewing is on a long-term decline and ready-to-wear on the upgrade. The woman whose grandmother bought bombazine, broadcloth, cashmere, and calico by the yard now buys dance-frocks, beach-pajamas and tea-gowns at prices lower than the cost of raw materials to her. The result is that the ready-to-wear industry has grown from a production of $474 per hundred people in 1914 to $1371 per hundred in 1929. And it is not likely to stop there. The value of bakery products grew from $233 per hundred people in 1899 to $1250 per hundred in 1929. The laundry business was only $98 per hundred people in 1914. In 1929 it was $417 per hundred. The number of telephones increased in the same period from 10 per hundred to 16.40 per hundred. To suppose that these industries, which supply leisure hours to the housekeeper, have reached their peak is absurd. They are due for a very considerable growth when we get readjusted.

Another phenomenon, unremarked beside the more spectacular developments of the past, has been the increased specialization in products used in the home. My great grandmother, living in a small town, had her choice of two kinds of soap at the grocery store — common soap and toilet soap. My wife has, by actual count, ten different kinds of soap in bar, powder, flake, and liquid form — not counting my shaving soap. The tendency in the field of household supplies is toward specialization to save labor, and that tendency, too, is uncheckable.

We may look forward to a future in which labor-saving (or leisure-creating) devices for the home are an even larger factor in commerce than they are to-day. The well-to-do home is likely to be almost completely mechanized: the ordinary home to be equipped as well as the better-class home of to-day.

Housework is composed of a multitude of tasks (as your wife will tartly remind you if you tell her it is simple). But the biggest single items are cookery, dishwashing, house-cleaning, washing-and-ironing, and care of children.

The time involved in cooking has already been largely reduced by the growth of prepared foods; it will undoubtedly be brought close to a minimum by further developments along that line and by improvements in cooking devices and apparatus. There may, indeed, be a notable rise in the business of ready-served meals. People to-day live happily and healthily in apartment hotels. Why should they not to-morrow live in separate houses to which their meals are delivered from a central cooking establishment as appetizingly and economically as they can be done at home? If washing is sent out, why not cooking? Or shall we see a great increase in the practice of dining out at restaurants?

Either would solve the problem of dishwashing, at present a sadly unsolved difficulty in the ordinary home. Or that question may be answered by the invention, manufacture, and marketing of a low-price domestic dishwasher which can be operated without either a perfect Niagara of boiling water or the necessity of a long session afterward washing up the mechanical dishwasher. Of all the opportunities awaiting the manufacturer of domestic equipment this is the largest and yet — as many a manufacturer has found — the most puzzling.

Reduction of house-cleaning time is not so much a matter of new machinery to do the job of sweeping, dusting, *etc.*, as of new, dustless, easily-cleaned materials in house-construction and furnishing. Linoleum is a time-saving floor-covering. Dustless corners are a time-saving method of construction. Modern furniture with smooth, easily-cleaned surfaces is a time-saver. Modern materials — the plastics, aluminum, lacquer finishes, glass, chromium, and the like — are time-savers. Women are conservative. They are slower to accept improved devices for their business than men are for theirs. But it is a certainty that sooner or later their own desire for leisure comparable to that of their husbands will lead to substantial changes in home design, construction, and equipment leading to greater efficiency. Either that or the impressment of work-emancipated husbands into housework will effect the change.

Washing and ironing bid fair to be substantially eliminated, either by domestic machinery (as has already been the case in so

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many homes) or by laundry service (as has been the case in more still).

The care of children has been lessened in well-to-do families by more playrooms, by more elaborate play-apparatus, by the great development of school playgrounds as well as by the employment of nurses. In some communities there are privately run play-schools that take children off mothers' hands in after school hours and during vacations. Scout troops, summer camps, and other forms of supervised recreation owe their existence not so much to their worth as educational institutions, as to the fact that they free the time of parents who can afford them. No doubt this form of service to parents will become far more widespread and reach much farther down into moderate-income homes in the future.

Much attention, recently, has been focussed on air-conditioning for the home. While not in itself strictly a labor-saving device, apparatus for washing, humidifying, heating, or cooling air in the home comes under the general head of convenience products. It is likely to have its biggest development as an extension of the heating-equipment industry.

It is conceivable that in the course of readjustment the pressure for employment may result in the building up of a large servant class comparable to that in England, where any family with pretensions to respectability has a cook, and families corresponding to the American one-maid household are completely outfitted with cook, housemaid, and nurse. Such a development, however, is only a debatable possibility at best. In a mechanized democracy it is far more likely that the bulk of domestic service will be increasingly mechanical.

The Automotive Parable

We have been speaking of leisure-using and leisure-creating devices as if any article were easily classifiable in one group or the other. But the situation is not, in actuality, quite so simple as that. Some articles, such as the automobile, are both. And any article which becomes so popular that it must be manufactured in quantity thereby gives employment to numbers of people, thus staying to greater or less extent the growth of technical unemployment.

The automobile, for example was first developed as a means of *using* the leisure of people who could afford it. It soon became also a time-saver in its own right — a *creator* of leisure by speeding up transportation and communication. On both counts it grew rapidly in popularity. This growth gave rise to the employment of half a million people within the automotive industry itself, to say nothing of employment in allied or cognate industries: gasoline and oil, road-construction, cement, steel, glass, rubber, and real estate, not to mention such by-flows as the hot-dog stand, the Tourists Accommodated, the Chicken-and-Waffle-Dinner, and the Traffic Cop industries. A nation was given, in the development of this one product, something to do with its Saturday afternoon, Sundays, and evenings no longer ruined by exhaustion. It was given the means of speeding up its own work so that it could get free for riding. And it was given an industry which with its dependent industries employed the time of a large number of people who might otherwise have been put enforcedly at leisure through technological unemployment.

In like manner the engagement of a part of the populace (or a part of the time of the populace — it is the same in the long run) in the production of new articles for the creation and employment of leisure will tend to halt the otherwise rapid decline of working hours and to hold down the otherwise inevitable increase of leisure.

But it is incumbent upon us to recognize that the speeding up of production processes and the improvement in management and distribution are far from their ultimate possibilities. We cannot check them; we ought not to check them; we ought indeed to encourage them until the curve of their rise flattens out of itself as all curves of growth inevitably do in time. But we ought to look forward in the future to spreading around their product of leisure as it accrues, lest we have again too great an accumulation of that leisure in the hands of one part of our population and again the specter of unemployment disorganizing all industries and commerce. A progressive and equalized diminution of hours of work will share work around and insure to all of us not only steady employment, but — what is vastly more important — the enjoyment of the necessities and comforts and increasing luxuries of life which we can so easily produce.

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ROOSEVELT as Europe Sees Him

by **CHARLES T. HALLINAN**

"ONLY a few weeks ago anybody looking at the situation in the United States could only have done so with feelings of the gravest anxiety. To-day, thanks to the initiative, courage, and wisdom of the new President, a change has taken place which might almost be called miraculous. Confidence has largely been restored, the people who had withdrawn their deposits from the American banks are bringing their holdings back. A new sense of hope and anticipation for the future is coming back to the American people, and that confidence is being reflected over here in the City of London in the stock and financial markets . . . everybody can see that the [whole European] situation has undergone a most remarkable and beneficial change."
Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, March 22.

THESE now familiar words of Mr. Chamberlain, though couched in Parliamentary prose, do really sum up accurately the tonic effect upon worried and crippled Europe of President Roosevelt's vigorous handling of the American banking panic.

And what is even more striking, subsequent developments, though startling to a degree, have not altered Europe's general relief at the realization that the "Leviathan" has at last secured a pilot. In the world's roadstead, crowded with grinding, jostling vessels, almost helpless against wind and tide, the arrival of that American pilot has sent the signal flags fluttering up everywhere.

The political messages are the easiest to read. Strange as it may seem to us Americans, who take our politics so cynically, we have been, in all European eyes, a country without a responsible government for the past two years — an embarrassing element in a world almost beside itself with fear. True, we had a President, but we jubilantly stripped him of power without, at the same time, handing the power to anybody else. In Europe, of course, a Prime Minister who had lost control of his Parliament on any important issue would either "go to the country" — forcing Parliament to defend itself — or he would resign and let the recalcitrants carry on if they could.

Now when I examine the political notions with which I was equipped as an American youth, I confess I can't find much trace in myself of a critical attitude toward this really very common American situation. If a President lost control of Congress on major items of his program — well, I assumed, he was out of luck. The struggle between him and Congress might even have an entertaining quality.

But to those Europeans who still believe in "democratic" control of the State, our attitude seems fatuous to a degree. And during the past two years, when one problem after another has become acutely international, our inability to present to the world anybody whose signature was worth a tinker's curse, has added much to the sense of hopelessness in Europe. For example, if you re-read the British and French war debt notes, you will notice a curious quality in them, an intangible thing, a matter of style and treatment. They are not the kind of notes usually addressed by one responsible government to another; these were addressed to President Hoover, not as the leader of a great nation but as merely the tribal totem, a helpless carved and graven image. It was hoped that the words would go past the totem to the tribe behind.

Thus, the relief felt in Europe is partly political; at last the United States has a "responsible government" in the full European sense of the word. And when we talk humorously of Mr. Roosevelt as a "dictator," we reveal merely how unaccustomed we are to anything but complete futility in high places. Actually we have done nothing beyond hand-

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Portrait by Marcel Maurel

ing over to Mr. Roosevelt powers which have been, as a matter of course, enjoyed by every British Prime Minister for several centuries.

Europe Prefers Democrats

There is another fact worth noticing which will, I think, surprise most Americans. At any rate, it surprised me when I stumbled across it. And that is, that our Democratic Presidents seem to carry more weight abroad than our Republican Presidents.

This is such a complete reversal of American expectations that it is worth going into. If you took a well-to-do suburb of London or Edinburgh and canvassed all the men of sixty or older, as to which of our Presidents was, in their view, the ablest since the Civil War, you would get a large vote for Woodrow Wil-

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son, a perfectly astonishing vote for Grover Cleveland, and a handful of votes from admirers of "T. R." No other Republican President would be mentioned! And if you took a similar canvass of Amsterdam — where American politics have been followed closely for years — you would get much the same results.

Mr. Wilson's vote is understandable, but when I ran across this English admiration for Grover Cleveland some ten or twelve years ago, I was rather mystified. Surely Grover Cleveland had unforgivably twisted the lion's tail in that Venezuelan affair. . . . It seemed very odd.

Free Trade, of course, has something to do with it, but not as much, apparently, as I at first assumed. Mainly it seems to be a feeling on the part of those Europeans who follow American domestic politics that our rare Democratic Presidents are more *interesting*. They are personalities, not rubber stamps; they have intellectual convictions; they are salty men, not afraid to buck the stream for years.

As for Mr. Cleveland's "jingoism," it did, of course, offend some English quarters but there appears to have been a widespread feeling that the British Foreign Office had simply pulled a mortifying "boner" and the less said, the soonest mended. The London Stock Exchange, never lacking in patriotism, refused to take offense and for the first and only time in its history, sent a jocular message of good will to the New York Stock Exchange. Cleveland was rough, but he was honest.

In short, their friendly interest in, their respect for, our infrequent Democratic Presidents is very much like our quickened interest in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald when he became the first Labor Prime Minister of Great Britain. At the very least, we felt, he was a blessed relief from the monotonous procession of Baldwins, Bonar Laws, and Asquiths which had effectively confined English politics, as a theme, to our more serious weeklies.

I am inclined, on reflection, to put this among the important imponderables. We needn't be at all surprised to find a Democratic President, backed by a strongly Democratic Congress, carrying a surprising lot of weight in the World Economic Conference and in the difficult international negotiations which will surround and follow that. In fact, if the world is made to feel that Mr. Roosevelt has his own country solidly behind him, he can take world leadership. The place is vacant. . . .

American Money Abroad

And now I turn from the imponderables to something more concrete. Mr. Roosevelt's first fortnight in office was profoundly important to two large groups scattered through Europe of whose very existence most Americans are unconscious.

One group is made up of several million individuals, scattered from Ireland to Greece, who have invested their little hoards in American paper money because it was "safe."

This is a phenomenon which the banking world has never seen before on so great a scale; let me sketch its history briefly.

Back in March, 1919, several American warships anchored off Brest with a most unusual "cargo." The American banker, in military uniform, who was in charge of the shipment, described it as "ten tons of American money." Those "ten tons" amounted actually to $250,000,000, ranging from nickels up through $10 and $20 gold pieces to $100 banknotes. These were to be distributed to the A. E. F., then about to return home. Uncle Sam calculates that by furnishing the troops "real American money" he saved them about $6,000,000 in their final transactions in France.

Naturally part of that sum returned to the States with the troops, but a surprising amount of it — possibly up to $100,000,000 — stayed behind in thrifty French hands. The French, then getting rather hot and bothered about their own currency, were eager to accept and hoard, not only American gold pieces, but American banknotes as well. And that was the beginning of large-scale circulation and "hoarding" of American currency in Europe.

Nobody — not even the Federal Reserve Board — knows how much of our paper currency is still hidden in Europe. Local estimates are naturally only estimates, but if you add up the figures tentatively given by bankers in France, Germany, Poland, and other places from time to time, the total is rather staggering; it suggests that possibly as much as five per cent of our total currency, or say around $280,000,000, is still hidden away in Europe.

The largest amount we have ever repatriated

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in any one year was $59,000,000 in 1924. That was the total figure reported by the twelve leading New York banks to the Federal Reserve Bank as the amount of paper currency received from their correspondents abroad. But the return flow, as reported by the same banks, is often very large.

For example, our banks in 1931 repatriated $50,171,000 of our currency, and simultaneously sent abroad to their correspondents, $41,637,000.

But that was merely what passed through the usual banking channels. During that same year, the Department of Commerce — through its attachés abroad — estimated that foreigners had received about $173,000,000 in the form of "immigrant remittances" from America, and we know that a large, though unknown, portion of that was in the form of American banknotes tucked into envelopes. There is scarcely a town anywhere in Europe where a native family, receiving a $10 bank note from a son in America, cannot change that into the local currency at a very fair rate of exchange. Or they may prefer to save it. During the past ten years our immigrants have sent abroad the colossal sum of $2,142,000,000 — some of it in the form of actual banknotes.

So those local estimates of our paper money, aggregating $280,000,000, may not, after all, be wildly off.

A lot of our gold coins, of course, have also gone abroad for hoarding purposes. For example, in 1927–28 the United States Mint coined $252,000,000 in gold, all of which went abroad; there is a regular market on the Continent, especially in Amsterdam, for our gold coins. Normally these command, in wholesale lots, a premium of ½ of 1 per cent; that is, the wholesale price of a $10 gold piece in Amsterdam would be worth, in Dutch guilders, $10.05 but when Europe gets a currency scare, the Amsterdam price rises to $10.40 apiece. What the hoarder in Poland or Roumania pays I don't know — at least $10.50 apiece.

All this hoarding is, of course, an indictment of European currency systems. For those who couldn't get their frantic hands on gold, our paper money has been — and still is — all over Europe the last refuge of frightened, hard-working people. It is worth reminding ourselves of this; no other currency has played so extraordinary a rôle during this colossal depression. We are entitled to be proud of it: an empire, if you like, founded on trust, not on force or chicanery.

Naturally, wild talk of inflation in Washington disturbs these people a good deal. It is one thing for us to "manage" our currency and quite another to default on it.

American Stocks in Europe

The other group in Europe which is also painfully interested in Mr. Roosevelt's efforts is made up of those numerous unknown investors who have bought our bonds and stocks. New York estimates that at their present market value those foreign holdings amount to between one and two billion dollars. If you want to get a vivid sense of those people — if, in fact, you want to feel really at home while abroad — visit the Amsterdam Stock Exchange.

One-third of the entire trading floor, as you look down from the gallery, is virtually given up to the buying and selling of American stocks and bonds for Dutch and other European investors. That big crowd over to the right is the "U. S. Steel" crowd, forming and melting and re-forming, quite as in New York. Along that back wall are the "specialists" in Union Pacific, the Santa Fé, the "Hill" roads; down toward the middle of the floor, near the stand where prices are recorded, is a solitary figure, pivoting on his heel; he is the leading Dutch "specialist" — nay, the "specialist" for half of Europe — in the bonds of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Knows all about how many telephones have been disconnected, and how the earnings stand.

Does this surprise you? Thousands of Americans pass through Amsterdam without realizing that the people living in some of those beautiful old homes have held Union Pacific stocks or bonds for three generations — longer and more obstinately than most of us. But we have penetrated almost every "prosperous" country in Europe in a fashion and on a scale which no other country has done.

Now, these two big groups constitute the core, the solid core, of pro-American feeling in Europe. I have lived abroad for thirteen years and in that time I have answered thousands of silly questions about America. Silly, and often

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malicious, and in my gentle, bland way, I have acquired a definite technique in answering them. But the curious thing is that I have never once been asked a silly or malicious question by a man or woman who had invested money in the United States. It was as though the mere act of acquiring a "stake in the country" had subtly transformed their entire outlook. Even when they were half-ruined, as some of them were, by the crash of 1929, they rarely lost (so far as my observation goes) that feeling for the American scene, its vigor and vitality, which they had acquired. And I do not think that they will lose it now: it has been with them too long.

Thus the European response to President Roosevelt's initial efforts has some pretty solid elements concealed in it. There is general belief that the United States can function politically and economically once more, and in many, many quarters the passionate hope that the "Great Experimenter" can find the way out, not only for the United States but for the world at large. It is a tremendous task, and there are those who deny that anything can be done to guide "the inscrutable forces ruling the economic fortunes of nations." But his willingness to try and try again is in the old and almost-forgotten American tradition. And Europe senses that.

The Bunny

Beneath white clouds lies a small brown bunny
Whose eyes are bright and whose fur is sunny:
He lies in the grass, and the wind goes over
Bringing the wild "All's Well!" of clover.
He feels to-day as if he were the only
Thing in the world — but he is not lonely.

He lies and lets the breezes fluff
His fur and his tail's white cobweb puff.
The world is wide — but he is not giving
A thought to aught but the joy of living.
He samples the wind till his damp nose wrinkles
With rich delight into tiny twinkles.

The grass is swayed by the breeze's motion —
Daisy foam on a timothy ocean;
The earth is cool and pleasant under
His feet that are sleeping pads of thunder;
And the world exists for a little bunny
Who lies in the wind with his fur all sunny.

— E. Merrill Root

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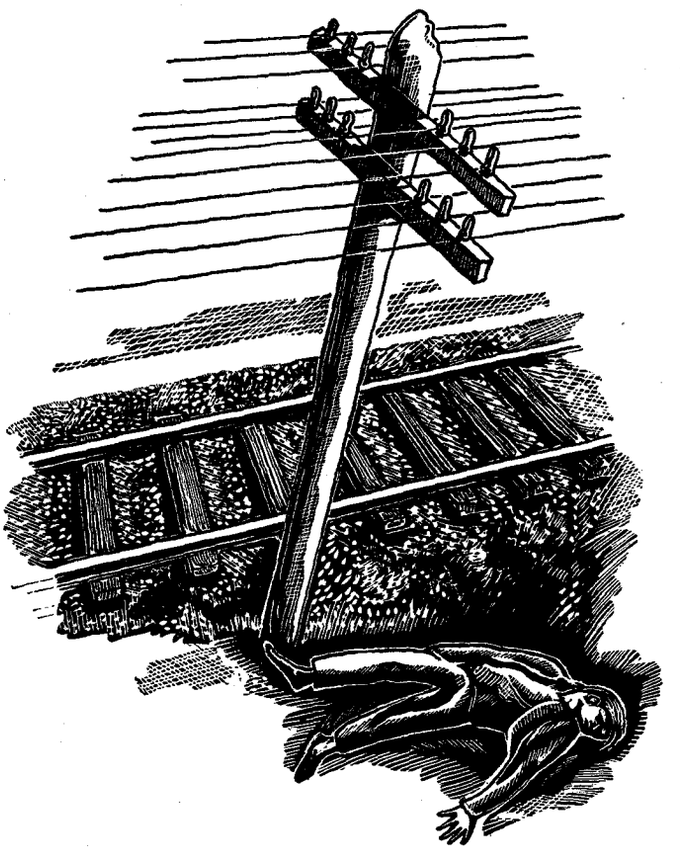
Injustice



by **ARTHUR DEE**

I

When we stopped at that little burg to take on water the three wobblies got on. I could hear them walking in the cinders outside and I thought at first it was the brakeman coming to kick us off. The two kids in the other end of the car doused their cigarettes when they heard the door-hasp rattling, and I heard them whispering together.

As soon as the door opened I knew it wasn't the brakeman because the moon was real bright and it was very light outside and I could see the three wobblies pretty plain. They all three hopped into the car and closed the door. I thought they were just some more hoboes and I pulled my coat lapels up around my face again so the heat from my breath would all go down inside my coat and help keep me warm, but when one of them turned a flashlight on me I got scared. Hoboes don't carry flashlights and I thought it was the bulls, and the door being shut like it was I couldn't run. But when one of them said, "What're you ridin' on?" I knew they were wobblies and I showed them my card.

I wasn't a wobbly but I had the card so I could ride on the freight trains. If a guy didn't have a card it was pretty hard to ride because the wobblies were strong then, and they'd throw a guy right off a moving train when he didn't have a card, or they'd charge him a dollar to ride from one division to the next. It only cost two dollars to get a card and two-bits a month for dues and it was cheaper than paying a dollar for a division so I'd got one. When I showed them my card the one guy said, "All right, fellow worker," and they went over to the two kids.

The train had started by now and it was picking up speed quick because the ground was level and most all the cars were empty. I could hear the engine puffing real hard, away up front, and the wheels clicking faster and faster over the rail-joints sounded like a song with the rumbling and creaking of the car as a kind

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of background. It was real pretty and words like "East and West" or "hump a nigger" kept sounding in time to the wheels. Some guys told me they'd heard the wheels singing whole songs, but I don't know because they always sounded to me just like two or three words over and over.

When that wobbly handed me my card back I smelled his breath and he'd been drinking. I guess all three of them'd been drinking because they were pretty unsteady and noisy and the way they acted with those two kids wasn't natural. Down at that end of the car I could see them outlined against the light from the flashlight and the guy who'd asked for my card was doing all the talking. I could see he was a pretty big guy and he needed a shave. The other two didn't say much at first. One of them looked like he was about thirty and he was about medium bright and looked real clean. The other one was about twenty but he was husky and he must have been drunk too.

That one guy said, "What're you ridin' on?" and the kids maybe didn't know what he meant because one of them said, "This train, why?"

"I don't want none of yer wisecracks," the wobbly said, real nasty. "You got a card?"

"No," the kid said. "We ain't got no card."

"It'll cost you a buck apiece to ride then," the wobbly said. "You got it?"

The kid said "No" again. "We ain't got no money at all," he said.

"All right," the wobbly said, "you'll have to bunch her."

"We'll get off at the next stop," the kid said. "We can't get off now."

They couldn't get off right then because the train was going real fast and they'd be hurt trying to get off. But the wobbly got mad. "You'll get off now," he said. "None of you lousy scabs're going to ride these trains free, see."

The kids were scared, I could see, and they tried to argue with him but it wasn't any use. The young wobbly kid said, "They'll get killed if you make them get off now, Jake. We're going like hell."

"We don't give a damn," Jake said, like he was real tough. "An' listen here, Dick: if you're going to be a good I.W.W. you've gotta do these things, see. Scabs're scabs an' they're the ones who make it tough for us workers."

I guess that kid was just a new wobbly and was all right. The other one said, "Better let them ride to the next stop anyway, Jake. We're going too fast for them to get off now."

"No," Jake said. "They gotta get off now. They're scabs."

The kids were pretty scared and when Jake had the wobbly kid pull the door open they started begging some more. "Please, mister," one of them said, "We *can't* get off now. We'll get killed."

I stood up and I could see the ground slipping by in a long streak and every little while a telephone pole'd flash by. "Those kids'll be killed if they get off now," I said. "You hadn't ought to make them do it."

The wobbly wheeled around on me and pulled something from his pocket and I could see the moonlight on a long gun he had in his hand. He turned that flashlight in my face and it blinded me and I was afraid he was going to shoot. His voice when he spoke was nasty. "This's none of your damn business," he said. "See?"

"Yes," I said. "I didn't mean anything though, only you shouldn't make them jump."

"Maybe you'd like to jump, too," he said.

"Jesus, no," I said. "I don't want to jump."

"Well, you shut up then," he said.

I was mad but I was scared of that gun he had and he was drunk and I didn't want to get shot.

He turned to those two kids and waved the gun at the ground. "Go on. Hit 'er!" he said.

The kids went to the door and looked down. One of them turned around and his eyes were big and scared and his voice was shaky when he talked. "Please," he said. "We'll get killed."

"Jump, God damn you, jump!" the wobbly yelled at him.

The boy leaned over like he was going to do it but he turned back. "I can't," he kind of choked. "Oh, God. I *can't*."

I felt all trembly and my hair felt funny but the wobbly pointed the gun right at the kid's face and the whole world was full of the sound and the kind of yellowish flame seemed to reach out and lick the kid's face and he fell out of the door. The smell of the powder was all over the car.

"Jesus Christ, Jake! What've you done?" the other wobbly said and his voice was

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funny. The wobbly kid, the one named Dick, didn't say anything but the other kid was crying.

"You shut up," Jake said to the wobbly and pointed his gun at the other kid. "Jump," he said.

The kid hung on the door a minute and his face was all white and sweaty and I could see the moon kind of shining on the tears on his cheek. He was looking at me but I couldn't do anything. Then he let go and the ground was all I saw.

The wobbly kid, Dick, began to blubber then and the other wobbly was cursing. "Shut up, you two!" Jake said.

"You had no right to do that," the other wobbly said. "You had no right."

"Sure I had a right, Larry," Jake said, like he was proud of what he'd done. "I'm a wobbly, ain't I, an' I was just doin' what any one'd do to protect his interests. The lousy bastards."

"You've killed them," Dick kind of sobbed. "They'll hang us for it."

Jake laughed out loud. "They gotta catch us first," he said.

"You've got us in a hell of a mess," Larry said. "You shouldn't've done it."

"Oh, hell," Jake said. "It's all right. You guys need a drink. Here." He took a bottle from his pocket and they all had a drink but the wobbly kid kept on blubbering. "You shut up, Dick," Jake said. "You ain't no baby."

Then he seemed to remember me and he turned the flashlight on me again. I was all sick inside and trembling and my face must have showed how I felt. "What do you think of it?" he said.

I shrugged my shoulders and didn't say anything. I was afraid to say anything about it to him because he'd kill me too, if I didn't like it. He must've thought it was all right because he slapped me on the shoulder and kind of laughed. "You're O.K., fellow worker," he said. "Have a drink."

I took the bottle because I needed a drink, and I didn't say anything because I was mad and wished I had a knife or something to stick in his guts. He had no right to make those kids jump like that.

Larry said, "Let's get out of here," and the wobbly kid blubbered some more. First Jake reached up and grabbed the iron track the door ran on and swung up on top of the car and then Larry went up and the kid started up last. Just as he swung up, the car hit a curve and leaned over quick and the kid didn't expect it and it tore his hands loose. He let a holler out of him like he'd been hurt and I saw him pawing out in the air.

I was sick again then only more than before and I sat down by the door and tried to roll a smoke, but my hands were too shaky and I stuffed some tobacco in my mouth instead. The moon was close up in the sky and it was white and cold and lopsided and it looked like I could touch it with a long stick. Everything seemed pale and unnatural. The engine whistled away up front and it sounded like it was crying. The wheels were clicking real loud and they kept saying, "Lousy bastards," over and over. I wanted to cry but I couldn't.

II

THE NEXT time the train stopped to take on water I got out of that car because I kept seeing the kid's face looking at me like that and I wanted to get in another car. The water tank was quite a ways past the station and I went up that way. I could see all the brakemen and the conductor in the little station and I kept out of sight because I knew I looked nervous and they might suspicion something if they saw me. I didn't want to tell about what I'd seen because I knew I'd be put in jail and held as a witness and I didn't want to stay all that time in jail. It was funny about all the brakemen and the conductor being in the station like that but I didn't think anything about it right then.

When the train started again I'd got into a "reefer" up near the head-end. A "reefer" was warmer than a box car anyway and I tried to sleep but I couldn't do it because I kept seeing that kid's face just before he let go, and the wheels kept saying those two words over and over just like Jake'd said them. I just sat in the corner all doubled up and smoked a lot of cigarettes until we got to the division.

It was early in the morning then and the lopsided moon was still up in the sky only it wasn't so bright because the sun was making the sky light along the East. The division point was just a little burg that was mostly railroad people and farmers and when I saw we were coming into the yards I got off the train be-

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cause I didn't want to get picked up by the yard bull.

I saw a couple of guys down the track ahead of where I got off but I didn't pay any attention to them until they yelled at me to stop. They both had guns when I looked at them then and it was all clear around but for the train which was moving real slowly onto the sidetrack and I couldn't run and hide. I had to go up to them but I thought they were only yard bulls and couldn't know anything about those kids yet anyway. I figured if they were railroad bulls the worst I'd get'd be a tamping for riding the train and maybe not that because I was just a kid. Lots of yard bulls won't hit a kid, only they try to scare them sometimes.

They were bulls all right and when one of them asked me where I was from I knew by his voice that he was tough.

"I just come out of Dakota, Mister," I said. "I been working in the harvest."

"Dakota, huh," he said, and he began searching me. When he found my card he kind of shook his head and looked at me real long. Down the yard I could see more guys and I was scared I was in for it and when he said, "You'd better come along with me," I was sure of it.

Up at the jail they didn't say much to me, only threw me in the tank and went right away again. It wasn't much of a jail and didn't smell bad at all like jails usually do. There was a pretty big room and three iron cells in one corner and I guess they didn't use it very much because there was dust over everything and it was cold. There wasn't no one else there but me and I tried to go to sleep. I knew I'd need the sleep because when the bulls found out about those kids I'd sure catch hell.

In a little while I heard them come back again and there was a lot of talking and cursing out in the office and then they threw two more guys in with me. It was those two wobblies and the one who'd made those kids jump was scared and talking a lot. The other one, Larry, wasn't saying anything but he looked worried. He was a good-looking guy, and I felt sorry for him, but I sure was glad they'd got the other one.

When they saw me they looked at each other like they weren't surprised and I knew what they each thought. "I ain't said anything," I said. "I just got in." They both looked better right away and they went into one of the other cells and I could hear them talking together in there but I couldn't hear what they said. Pretty soon Larry, the good-looking one, came into my cell and looked at me kind of funny. "What're you going to tell them, kid?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said. "I ain't going to say nothing."

"That's all right," he said. "They'll turn *you* loose all right," and he went out and I could hear them talking in the next cell again.

In about an hour that bull came to the door and called me out into the little office. There were a bunch of men there and they all looked at me real hard. I was nervous because there was a couple of railroad men there and I thought they were the crew from the train I'd rode in on. But when the bull told me to sit down I knew it was all right because he didn't sound tough any more and his face was kind of calm. "What do you know about this, kid?" he said.

"About what?" I said.

"About those fellows who fell off the train you was riding on," he said. "The conductor here saw them fall off."

I tried to look surprised and I looked at all the men there like I was real scared. I knew they wouldn't be tough with a kid like me if I didn't know anything. And I knew then why all the brakemen and the conductor were in the station in that little town where we'd stopped to take on water. They'd seen those kids and they'd wired ahead because they suspicioned something was wrong.

"I didn't see no one fall off," I said. "I was alone."

The bull just nodded his head and looked at the railroad conductor a minute. "Where were you riding?" the conductor said then.

"About the middle of the train," I said. "Honest, Mister, I didn't see no one fall off. I was all alone."

"I see," the bull said and then he turned to that conductor again. "I guess he don't know anything about it but we'll wait until we hear from Kelly. He ought to be in pretty soon."

They took me back in the tank and locked me in the cell. I saw them take the other two guys out and the one called Jake was scared, I could see, but the good-looking guy looked all

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right. They were gone quite a while and then they brought them back again and this time they locked them in their cell, too. I was hungry and asked the bull for something to eat.

"All right, kid," he said. "I'll see if I can get you something."

By now it was getting pretty late in the morning and the sun was slanting in the little window and it looked like a big yellow plank laid against the wall. The dust specks floated around in it and they were real pretty. I watched them through the bars and pretty soon I went to sleep.

I woke up when the bull brought in the breakfast. It wasn't much, only a hunk of bread and a cup of black coffee and the bull was sore as hell now, too. They'd found the three kids all right, and the bull said: "They'll stretch you guys sure as hell for that."

"I ain't done nothing, Mister," I told him. "I don't know nothing about it."

"Maybe you don't," he said before he went out, "but it looks like you do." He was sure sore about it.

About a couple hours after that he came back again and when he opened the little door from the office I could see two or three more guys in there. They all looked very serious and I knew what was going to happen. They took me out first and started asking me a lot of questions. I kept saying I didn't know anything about it and pretty soon one of them said, "I think I can jar his memory," and he slapped me as hard as he could. My head was ringing and my face hurt a lot but I didn't holler because I wouldn't let them hear me holler for anything. They asked me more questions then but I still said I didn't know anything and then that bull hit me again, only on the other side. Pretty soon I couldn't feel him when he slapped me any more and they quit that. I heard the regular bull say that maybe I was all right and was telling the truth.

"But that kid said there was three of them," one of the guys said, "and this kid was carrying a card. He must've been the third one."

"Maybe the other one got away," the bull said. "I think this kid is all right." I was glad he said that because I'd got about all I could stand of that slapping and maybe they'd quit.

They said that the wobbly kid, Dick, and the one who'd been shot were both dead when they found them but the kid who'd jumped died after they got to him. He told them the wobblies'd done it and that there were three of them. I guess he didn't know about Dick falling off and the bulls thought I was the third wobbly. I couldn't say anything about it because I'd have to put the finger on those other two. I wouldn't mind about Jake, who'd really done the shooting and everything, but I didn't like to see the other one in trouble.

They took me back in and took the other two out. When they left I heard Larry tell Jake: "You shut up and let me talk, see." Jake looked pretty bad and I guess Larry was afraid of letting him talk. I'd have been afraid of him, too, if it'd been me. They were out about an hour and when they came in again I could see they'd been worked over, only they'd got it worse than I did. The bulls must've used their sticks on them because Jake was blubbering but the other guy was all right.

After they'd been locked in their cell and the bulls'd gone Larry called over to me. "What'd you tell 'em, kid?" he yelled.

"Nothing," I yelled back. "I didn't tell them nothing, I don't know nothing."

"That's right, kid," he yelled back. "They'll turn *you* loose all right." I was glad he'd said that because I was afraid they'd maybe hold me for a long time.

There was no one came in then until almost dark and then the bull came in with something to eat for us. He wouldn't say anything at all. The stew was pretty good and the coffee had sugar in it. "We're going to take you guys to the county seat," he said, just as he got to the office door. "You'll have to get up early in the morning." Then he slammed the door shut. He locked the iron-barred door, too, but I could hear him moving around out there for quite a while. I tried to figure out a way to get out but I couldn't. The cell was all steel and I didn't have any tools.

III

ALONG about nine o'clock the bull opened the wood door but left the barred door locked. I could see out from my cell and he sat down at his desk and began reading. He acted awfully nervous and chewed his cigar a lot.

Once I saw him take out his gun and twirl it around and he aimed it at the wall kind of squinting down the barrel and then he put it

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away again. He kept looking at the windows and door every time any noise came from outside and I thought he must have been expecting someone.

The wobblies in the next cell were talking together but I couldn't hear what they said.

After a while the bull got up and came to the door and stood there trying to see in. He started to unlock that barred door once but he didn't do it. It was dark and he couldn't see us, but I could see him all right and he looked worried. Then he went back to his chair and just sat there chewing his cigar.

It wasn't natural his sitting there all the time and I got to wondering why he was doing it and pretty soon I heard a lot of people talking real loud out on the street and I saw the bull get up and his hand went up and felt where his gun was under his arm.

Someone knocked on the door and before the bull could move, it was pushed open and the whole office was filled with men. Most of them were farmers but I could see some railroad men there because they carried switch lanterns and the farmers looked cleaner than them. They just kept crowding in from outside and filled all around the bull and I couldn't see him any more, but I heard him when he said, "What do you want, men?"

Somebody said, "We want those wobblies, Frank," and then a lot of them said it too and they were swearing a bit. I heard Jake in the next cell start to whine and Larry said, "Shut up!"

"You can't have them, men," the bull said. "You've got to let the law take its course."

"We're going to take them, Frank," someone said. "Murderers like them had ought to be strung up. They don't deserve no trial."

"Listen to me," the bull said then, and his voice kind of rang out real serious. "I been appointed deputy sheriff here and I swore to uphold the law. If you take those men and lynch them, you're murderers too, and I'd have to arrest you all. I don't want you to do this. I can't let you do it."

Everybody began to talk at once then but pretty soon they let one guy talk. "We're a-going to take them, Frank, and you can't stop us. You know they're wobblies and murderers and they've got to be showed they can't get away with anything like that. They didn't have no right to kill Dick Henshaw like that. He was a *good* boy and didn't never do no one any harm." Then everybody was saying what a good boy Dick Henshaw was and that the wobblies had ought to be strung up.

I guess Dick Henshaw was the wobbly kid because I heard Jake whining real loud and he said, "We didn't kill Dick. He fell off. They're mad because they think we killed him. They won't do anything if we tell 'em he fell off, will they?"

Then Larry said, "Oh, shut up. We're in a hell of a mess. They're going to lynch us," and I heard him laugh and it sounded like he was crazy. I felt like laughing like that too, but I was scared.

I could see some of those guys out there looking in at the barred door but it was too dark inside for them to see us. Then I heard the bull talking again. "You're making a grave mistake, men," he said. "You'd better let the law take its course. If those men are guilty they'll hang for their crime. You needn't worry about that."

"*We're* going to hang 'em," someone said, "and no one can stop us. Grab him, men." Then there was a lot of scuffling and wrestling and cussing out there in the office and I heard the bull yelling for them to let him go. Pretty soon it quieted down and I saw a guy unlocking the barred door. Some of those guys had flashlights and they turned them in the tank. Jake was blubbering real loud and Larry kept saying, "Shut up," but he didn't stop.

All those guys were coming in and there was a lot of talking and cussing because the guy who had the keys couldn't find the one to fit the cells. He was trying to unlock my cell and I could see some guys holding the bull out in the office. He kept saying, "You're obstructing justice, men. You're obstructing justice," but no one payed any attention to him.

Pretty soon they got the door open and yelled for me to come out and I saw two or three guns and I came out. They tied my hands behind me and cussed me a lot and somebody kicked me. "I didn't do nothing," I said, and they kicked me again and swore some more. Somebody laughed when I ducked, and I smelled whiskey. I guess most of them were drunk.

They got the two wobblies out but they had to go in after Jake. He sure was scared and kept hollering for help but no one helped him.

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They tied them up too, and two or three guys kicked them. "We'll learn you sons-of-bitches to go around murdering boys," someone said, and Jake began blubbering louder.

Somebody said, "That Dick Henshaw was a *good* boy. Why did you kill him?" and Jake said, "We didn't kill him. He — "

"Shut up!" Larry yelled at him. "God damn you, shut up!" Somebody hit him in the mouth but Jake quit talking.

"Why did you kill Dick Henshaw?" a guy asked me, and I said, "I didn't kill no one, Mister. I didn't do *nothing*."

The bull saw they were taking me too, and he said, "I don't think the kid had anything to do with it. You shouldn't take him."

"The kid said there was three of 'em," somebody said. "This kid makes the third one. He was in on it."

"I didn't do anything," I said. "Honest to God, I didn't."

Outside there was a lot more people and I could hear them yelling to bring us out and the guys who had a-hold of me pushed me outside. It was dark out there because the moon wasn't up yet and there wasn't any street lights right close. There were a lot of men and some women out there. I guess the whole town was there and everybody was cussing the wobblies and saying what a *good* boy Dick Henshaw was. Somebody hit me with a stick and it hurt a lot. I kept saying, "I didn't do anything. Honest I didn't," but no one payed any attention to me.

Then somebody put a rope around my neck and pushed me along and I saw they had ropes around the wobblies' necks too and Larry was right beside me but they were kind of dragging Jake along. Larry looked at me and kind of laughed and the rope itched my neck and my feet got cold and the little stones in the road hurt because I'd forgot my shoes. The place where I got hit on the head was bleeding and the blood was running down my neck and it felt warm and sticky.

Jake kept whining for them not to hang him and everybody was marching and talking and pretty soon they began singing a song that went, "And we'll hang the wobblies to a telegraph pole."

We marched about a half-mile that way with everybody singing that song and now and then somebody'd yell like a cowboy and there were men all around us and out front was a little fat guy who had to run in little funny steps to keep up and he kept looking back at us and every little while somebody'd hit us with sticks and cuss us some more. I got sore all over and my arms ached from being tied behind me like that.

Pretty soon Larry leaned over and said, "Don't worry, kid. They won't hang you. The skunks." That made me feel better but somebody saw Larry talking to me and they hit him some more and he stopped talking. Then we stopped by a telephone pole and they built a great big fire and someone climbed up the pole and put the ropes on the cross-arm and they made us stand in a line right below it. I wanted to cry then but I couldn't and my mouth tasted all salty and I felt sweaty all over. I thought I'd better pray but all I could think of was, "Oh, God, I don't want to get hung."

The fire was a great big one and it made everything light and I could see all those people in a ring around us and they all had funny smiles like they were watching a prize fight. One big, tall guy who looked like he was the mayor or something stepped right up in front of us and held up his hand. Everything got real quiet and I could hear the fire crackling like little sticks of wood breaking and Jake kind of sobbing real low beside me and the wind blowing a little, and there was a little old lady out front who was crying like everything. I felt sorry for her because she was crying so much but she didn't have to come. Then I saw the bull too, and he was right out front but some guys were holding him and he couldn't do anything.

When everything was real quiet that guy went over to that little old lady who was doing all the crying and put his arms around her shoulders and made her stand out where everyone could see her. He said, "You all know Mrs. Henshaw. It was her boy these men murdered in cold blood. She's going to see them hung."

And then he made a long speech about the glory of motherhood and the sanctity of the home and about how it was their duty as citizens of this great nation to lynch murderers like these wobblies because they had to be shown they couldn't go about the country murdering people with impunity, and he looked like he was acting. Then there was a

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lot of shouting and cheering and everybody was cussing the wobblies again and saying what a good boy Dick Henshaw was. Then that guy said to us, "Have you men anything to say before we hang you?"

"Please don't hang me, Mister," I said. "I didn't do anything. Honest to God, I didn't."

Jake tried to talk too, but I couldn't understand what he was saying. Then Larry said, "I've something to say," and his voice was even. A guy'd think there was nothing wrong to hear him talk like that because he was so calm just like always.

"All right," that guy said. "Get it over with."

Larry cleared his throat and everything was real quiet. The wind blew on the fire and it flared up making everything lighter, and down in the railroad yards an engine whistled and I could just barely hear box cars bumping together. "I haven't anything to say for myself," Larry said, "but this kid didn't know anything about it. This guy and me did it."

When he said that I fainted. I'd thought sure as hell I was going to be hung and when he'd confessed it let me out all right and I fainted. If he'd said that before, I'd have been all right but I guess he couldn't get anyone to listen to him sooner.

I don't know what happened after that but when I woke up a couple guys were bending over me and the ropes were gone so it was all right. I looked around and Jake'd fainted too, only no one was working on him. I hated him and I wished it was the other one who'd fainted so he wouldn't have to know all about it.

"Get up," one of the guys said, and I got up. My hands hurt where the blood was running and I was all sore. "You watch this," that guy said then. "You're a wobbly too, and maybe this'll learn you something." Then they yelled for them to pull the ropes.

I'd always wanted to see a guy hung because I'd read about how their faces turned black and I wanted to see it only I didn't want to see a friend hung. Larry wasn't exactly a friend, because I'd only known him that short time, but he seemed like a friend and all. When the rope tightened he looked right at me and kind of smiled and he was standing up real straight. He was a brave guy and it was just like in a movie, only a hero in a movie knows he's not being really hung and he could look like that, but Larry was really being hung. I guess I'd like to die like that too. When they pulled on the rope some more I couldn't look. I put my hands over my eyes so I couldn't see but I guess everyone else was watching and I heard them all go "Ah" real long and then a lot of talking and cussing and some of them was saying again that Dick Henshaw was a good boy. I was sick then just like I'd been in the box car and I tried to get away but someone grabbed my arm, only he helped me get away. I looked up at him and it was the bull. He was sick too, I guess, because his face was all white and funny. When we got out of the crowd I heard shooting and yelling.

"They're shooting at the bodies," he said, and he sounded like he hated them. "But they had it coming."

I looked at him and he was looking at the ground. "That wobbly was a pretty good guy," I said. He looked at me then and kind of puckered up his mouth but he didn't say anything.

IV

At the jail I got my shoes and he fixed my head where I'd been cut and he let me wash up and I felt a lot better and then I told him the truth about all of it because he was a pretty good guy. He just looked at me for a long time and laughed a little. I asked him why he laughed like that and he said I wouldn't understand it.

"There's a freight train going west in a little while," he said. "I'll fix it so you can ride."

"I can go then?" I said. "You ain't going to keep me in jail no more?"

"No," he said, "you can go."

When the freight train pulled out I was in a box car. It was cold and I sat across from the open door. The wheels began to click faster and faster and they said "East and West" over and over. My head hurt a little bit where it was cut, but I didn't mind because the bull'd given me five dollars. The lopsided moon was just coming up and the ground streaked by like a big river and the engine away up front whistled real long.

It was kind of funny then and I laughed a little because they'd hung those guys for killing the wobbly kid mostly, and they hadn't killed him at all.

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"Home Economics"

No Laughing Matter

by **CATHERINE HACKETT**

SPEAKING as one of the 28,405,294 women listed in the last Census as "homemakers" I am feeling just a little hurt and unappreciated. I feel that way because all the brilliant journalists and editors lined up in the campaign for government economy pounce with hoots and guffaws on the one government service which indicates that we, being in charge of the nourishment and clothing and pocketbook of the nation, are almost as important as business men or manufacturers or coal miners. Yes, I refer to the Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture. If you've read many articles on government economy you know all about those perfectly *killing* pamphlets they get out telling us housekeepers how to cook spinach and make rompers and window curtains.

I think it's simply grand that the journalists are trying to do something about the leaping costs of bureaucracy, but I can't help feeling resentful at their unanimity in heading their lists of horrible examples with the bureau which tries to make our job easier by giving us scientific information on managing our homes and children. They deepen my conviction that no man appreciates what we wives and mothers are up against. I'd like to lay end to end all the Fourth of July speakers and baby-kissing politicians who tell us that The Home is so vital, so significant that they just can't mention it without getting all choked up. We women who make a haven of refuge and peace for our men, who spend our days guiding tiny feet and listening to the prattle of childish voices (they don't mention wiping tiny noses or changing tiny diapers) are the very bulwark of this Republic! There we sit, under a symbolic ray of sunlight, with our children playing about us in our spotless, peaceful homes. Now excuse us, gentlemen, we can't hold that pose very long — the roast is burning in the oven and we have to get that grease spot out of George's suit before dinner and the baby's developing a sniffle and must have his nose greased immediately.

Here is a typical statement, by an eminent writer who has done noble work in scoring the high cost of government: "There is nothing about the Bureau of Home Economics in the Department of Agriculture which characterizes that agency of Government as a particularly striking example of Government expansion," he says sweetly. He then goes into a witty discussion of a limited number of the Bureau's publications, winding up with the admission that "the detailed history of almost any one of Washington's 241 federal agencies might be cited as a parallel."

Then why in the name of antique chivalry did he and all the other government-economy enthusiasts pick out this one bureau above all others for ridicule? Can it be because there is no national organization of housewives, no United States Chamber of Housekeeping, to protest, no lobby at Washington to speak up for the Bureau of Home Economics? Is it possible that worry over hard times has brought upon journalists and editors the Wife-Beating Complex — the tendency, when you are helpless and upset, to hit out at something, wife, child, dog, Bureau, that can't hit back? We like the idea, but it won't do — the depression has enough to answer for already.

Wait a minute — I have it. Isn't there a sort of cosmic significance in the fact that all these journalistic assaults upon the Bureau of Home Economics which helps us with our families and homes, with side jabs at the Children's Bureau which helps us with our infants, are made by *men?* Probably as nice men as you'd find anywhere; good, upstanding citizens, kind

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husbands and fathers, but still — men. Who but a man could lash out with words like these, which are typical? "The elaborate ways and great expense undertaken to exploit the simplest details of home life are adding to the national burden and doing little good."

"Simplest details" say you, mister? Would that you could have for one day the job of managing a house and two or three children of assorted ages and dispositions, with a depression budget and no more knowledge than the average woman has when she turns from a fiancée into a homemaker! Which is to say an assorted lot of traditions of cooking and housekeeping and the not-exactly-disinterested advice of advertisers. Of course you think all women, except a few queer ones, are just born with an instinct for the general principles of cooking and child raising and can acquire with a little practice the specific skills required for the more delicate operations such as cooking vegetables to conserve vitamins (what, you didn't know about that?) and removing cod-liver oil stains from blankets. Let me cheerfully lend you some feminine instinct for your day as housekeeper.

Direct Relief for the Housewife

Now it goes like this, mister. First you feed and dress three small children simultaneously, cook the family breakfast, and go marketing for dinner food to cost less than a dollar and provide the necessary vitamins, mineral salts, and what-not to maintain family health. Of course you know what those are, and what foods contain them. Then you have the simple detail of making some odds and ends of material into a sun-suit for little Johnny, since the family clothes budget looks like a stock market quotation and you can't buy new clothes for the children. You will then please clean the whole house, and don't forget about that spot on the rug where little Susie spilled tomato soup. You have to launder the curtains so they won't shrink like a seersucker suit, and perhaps you think that's another simple detail! Now it's time for the children's lunch, and remember you have to prepare the carrots so they'll forget how wholesome they are. You may be a little tired by then, but the depression roast must be cooked so it will taste like prime ribs of beef in 1928. Then you graciously preside at the evening meal looking as if you'd done nothing all day but push buttons to operate various parts of the household.

Now, mister, I casually hand you a few pamphlets which the Bureau of Home Economics gets out for us housekeepers: "The Family's Food at Low Cost," "Food for Children," "Beef According to the Cut," "Suits for the Small Boy," "Housecleaning Made Easier," "Methods and Equipment for Home Laundering," and "Stain Removal." Now do you still think they are so excruciatingly funny, and do you still think we should begin with the Bureau of Home Economics in curbing bureaucracy at Washington?

You see how understanding and maternal I am in trying to find the reason for all these masculine attacks on government aid to housewives? Now that we've realized the simple fact that all the attacks come from men, all is clear to us. I am not going to carp and cavil; I am just trying, as gently as possible, to show that your only fault is that you wrote about something you really didn't know much about. Why of course it looks ridiculous to you for the government to be doing research and handing out pamphlets on cooking spinach and making rompers and sewing and laundering curtains; those are women's jobs, "simple details" of housekeeping, and naturally we couldn't expect any real he-man to be interested in them.

Through all the journalistic and editorial attacks on government research and dissemination of scientific advice on homemaking and care of the young runs the old refrain, "It was good enough for mother, it is good enough for me." The journalists themselves were raised in families which never got any government advice on homemaking, weren't they, and just look at them! Well, *look* at them — journalists and others of the present generation. Nice people, and very clever, lots of them, but afflicted with sniffly colds and broken-down teeth and fallen arches which we fondly believe our children will not have because we know now that raising children and managing a home isn't properly an instinct or a tradition. It's a science and an art, and we women who are trying to make it that need every bit of help we can get from the government or anywhere else.

Our Average Man has been just too busy these last few years keeping up — or down — with stock market quotations and worrying about deficits in the national and family

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treasuries to learn that home economics is no longer just cooking and sewing. I am not blaming him; in fact, I can distinctly remember when home economics courses in the schools frankly concentrated on teaching us how to cook a Sunday night supper that would lead to an immediate matrimonial offer from our best beau, and hemming the sweetest little guest towels for our future home. May I inform our Average Man that home economics, to which one whole government bureau costing only $233,365 for the current year is devoted, is concerned with family budgeting (I knew that would make him sit up and take notice!) and how to spend his money to get the best value in food and clothes and household equipment, and saving his wife's time and energy and fixing over the living room so it won't be too evident to callers that business has fallen off lately? And that one branch of it is devoted to giving his wife the most scientific information available on avoiding doctors' and dentists' bills for the children and raising offspring who will be a credit to him?

The journalists and editors, being he-men and not concerned about such things, must simply take my word for it that the care and feeding of the young, for instance, just isn't what it used to be. I admit Grandma made swell doughnuts — but do you remember how her boiled cabbage and spinach looked and tasted? Depressingly gray and sort of limp? I suppose it wouldn't seem important to a journalist concerned with government economy that a whole generation of children is growing up with a positive enthusiasm for spinach and cabbage because we've learned new ways of cooking it, and sound teeth and straight bones because nutrition research has shown us what foods contain iron and calcium. Spinach is a traditionally humorous subject, but teeth aren't — not when you get dentists' bills. You remember those appalling statistics on the inadequate dental equipment of our war-draft soldiers? Millions of mothers, armed with bulletins from the Bureau of Home Economics and the Children's Bureau and the Home Economics Departments of land-grant colleges translating the science of nutrition into terms of foods and menus and market lists, could tell you that those statistics were the result of too many of grandma's doughnuts and too little milk and spinach in the gay nineties.

It is so easy for the journalists and editors to go humorous over government pamphlets on the composition of fruits and vegetables, on how to get stains out of fabrics, how to arrange a kitchen to save steps — forgetting to add that all this information is the result of scientific research which obviously no average homemaker can conduct for herself. Perhaps now you are ready to admit that scientific nutrition and housekeeping are all very well — but you will still say that it isn't the Government's job to help us out with it. "It was good enough for mother —" well, why don't you go on and finish the line? Father didn't get so much help from the government either — but I haven't noticed any unanimous agreement among you men that it isn't a proper function of the government to analyze soil for the modern farmer and tell him how to raise hogs, or to carry on scientific research in the Bureau of Standards, or research in modern business methods in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

If you men want to reorganize your business or rearrange your office equipment according to the best engineering methods, you can join the Taylor Society or get a consulting economist to advise you. If we women want to revise our home equipment and methods scientifically, where can we go for advice? If we want to feed and clothe our children scientifically, who is going to show us how? Women's magazines and advertisements? They are, to be sure, giving us good advice in some lines, but how are we to know when it is disinterested and accurate? Unless there is a disinterested agency like the government to conduct experiments and give us the findings in simple, housewifely language, we're up against it.

Domestic Scientists

We don't want to take chances and experiment, for instance, in this business of feeding children. Ask the Little Woman, and she'll tell you what an infinitely ticklish and scientific job that little detail is. I admit that every time we sit down for a bout with one of those tables giving the elements in various foods, I sort of wish I were one of the mothers of the past generation who didn't have to bother about such things because they could just blame it on father's side of the family if Johnny developed bow legs or Susie's teeth went bad. Keeping the family properly nour-

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ished on half what we had to spend four years ago takes more than womanly instinct and maternal advice. It takes knowing whether you get more protein for your money in eggs or meat, whether there's enough calcium for Johnny's bones and teeth in spinach or do you have to buy the more expensive vegetables. It takes knowledge of the chemistry of cooking: the effect of heat on vitamins, and how to cook cheap cuts of meat so that they are nourishing and palatable. Behind the popularly phrased government bulletins on food and cooking are years of research and the findings of the ablest nutrition experts of the time.

And while I am on the subject of children, I recall that you male government-economy enthusiasts have had a lovely time being humorous about government bulletins on Clothes for the Small Boy, and Self-Help Bibs, and so on. I pass lightly over the fact that the Bureau's research projects on children's clothing and household textiles are part of its large general project for research in the use and promotion of cotton, in which producers, manufacturers, and distributors are vitally interested. What I am concerned with is the value of this government service to the Average Housewife. I aspire to furnish an example by talking only of things I personally know about, such as calories and curtains and rompers, and I am trying to keep this discussion so simple that any man can understand it.

I wonder how I can make you realize that the government expert who invented a bib made of a soft, absorbent material which a small child can put on by himself because there are no strings to tie at the back was performing a national service. Have you ever watched the Little Woman get three children ready and be-bibbed for a meal? The tying on of one to three bibs, three times a day, 365 days in the year with no time out for Sundays or holidays, can almost be the straw that breaks the camel's back, and relief from this small detail, to a harassed female parent, can seem as important as the extension of an R. F. C. loan to a distressed bank president.

The same holds true of the patterns worked out by government experts for children's clothes which can be put on with a minimum of maternal supervision. I invite you some day to go shopping for children's clothes with me — the kind of clothes put on the market by the average manufacturer. They are as cute as can be — but just try to tell by looking at them whether or not the colors will run in the wash! And they are made with an utter disregard for child anatomy and the muscular control needed for a three-year-old to dress himself; made with endless buttons and couplings and gadgets. But it seems that the poor manufacturers, never having tried to get Johnny dressed for kindergarten in a hurry, or to put rompers on a squirming infant, just did the best they could by us mothers and felt apologetic about it — because they have recently put on the market twenty-nine designs for children's clothes worked out by the Bureau of Home Economics.

And may I call to the attention of the men who discuss the self-help bib and the self-adjusting trousers for small boys that it isn't only the saving of the Little Woman's time and energy that is involved in this matter of scientific clothes for children — it is also the habits and character of the younger generation, and you think those are important, don't you? I haven't had time to go deeply into this new child psychology, but I understand on the best authority that a young child who likes to put on his own clothes because they are designed with that end in view develops into a more independent citizen and is more likely to succeed in enterprises requiring independence and initiative than the child who has to be dressed because the buttons on his suit are all in the wrong places. So I urge you, gentlemen, to take the larger, long-range view of self-help bibs and small boys' trousers.

It's hard for the Average Housewife to see tangible evidences that she gets something from the government in return for taxes. Of course we understand that the Army and Navy protect our sacred soil from foreign invasion, and seeing "U. S. Inspected" in purple ink on the border of a steak gives us a pleasant feeling of government concern and interest in our welfare. But if we can write to a bureau at Washington to find out how to get enough iron into the children's diet or how to judge the quality of clothing we buy — well, don't you see how it sort of makes up for all those times the family wage earner comes home after a hard day at the office and asks "Well, and what have *you* been doing to-day?" as if we might have spent our time playing solitaire?

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The School Crisis

And What Can Be Done About It

by **JAMES METZENBAUM**

THE SCHOOLS of this country are headed toward bankruptcy. The waste and extravagance of the last ten years are returning to plague us. In February of this year, the National Education Association reported that "About 4500 rural schools closed in January 1933. Many of these schools will not open at all, even for a brief term, next year unless some relief is extended to them." Schools are closing in cities as well as in rural districts. In January, the Chicago Superintendent of Public Instruction declared: "Unless immediate aid in the form of a temporary loan is extended, I do not see how the schools can be kept open and the children off the streets." And their Teachers' Federation Representative stated: "It will soon become a physical impossibility for the teachers to keep working. Insurance policies, mortgages, and other obligations have lapsed long ago for most of them. They are struggling to find pennies for carfare and food." From all sections of the country come similar reports. "Our teachers will have to discount their warrants. . . . Many schools will close before spring unless tax collections are very good," is a district report from Idaho. "School conditions are worse right now than within my memory or the memory of much older men than I," said the Superintendent of Schools at Piedmont, Alabama. In Detroit, the teachers, since February, are on a ration and relief basis, with allowances for groceries, fuel, carfare, and the like.

What is responsible for this state of affairs?

A large part is attributable, of course, to delinquency in tax payments, to reductions in tax valuations, and to experiments in new forms of taxation that have not worked out under the present economic conditions. But a striking portion may be laid at the doorstep of the bureaucratic officials engaged in education, to whom the word "economy" has been unknown during the last ten years. They have wasted and spent in a manner that is helping now to bring about the collapse of schools throughout the entire nation.

It must be remembered that there is a clear distinction, on the one hand, between the teachers, who are standing by, suffering patiently, and many even donating their services with no expectation of payment, and, on the other hand, the "chiefs" and the long list of well-paid but unnecessary educational "highboys" who are greatly to blame for the present collapse. Heretofore, criticism of any part of the educational system was looked upon as rank heresy, was immediately construed as a disguised attack upon the teachers. It is time the people realized that the teachers and taxpayers are on the same side, while the wasters and spenders are on the other. Attacking waste is not attacking education.

How this waste can be eliminated, may be shown by Cleveland's recent experience.

WHAT CLEVELAND IS DOING

FOR TWENTY years the school system of Cleveland had been conducted without question. In those twenty years school attendance had grown 200 per cent, while the cost had increased 800 per cent — a situation which exists in many communities throughout the country. In fairness, it should be pointed out that there are compensating factors which account for part of this disproportionate increase, but nevertheless the figures show a distinct skyrocketing while the people have slept.

Out of every tax dollar paid in the City of Cleveland, a large share must go to support the state; another segment must be used for operating the county; a part is needed for the

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libraries; and a generous slice is required to maintain the city of almost a million people. But the state, the county, the libraries, and the city together have used only a little more than fifty-nine cents of each tax dollar, while the schools alone required more than forty cents. In some cities, waste and extravagance and over-manning in the schools require as much as sixty cents out of the tax dollar. What is worse, a recent government publication shows that some schools have planned their budgets, in this dark year (1932–33), to take an even greater percentage of the tax dollar. Indeed, the government figures, issued this February, show that the school operating budgets for 1931–1932, averaged throughout the country, were somewhat *increased*. Counties, states, and other taxing units must take less, but in many municipalities, the bureaucratic educators, still riding with spurs, were demanding an even greater proportion.

Cities have cut their operating budgets; schools can do the same, and that, too, without hurting the education of the children. Cleveland has proved that it can be done.

The cause of the teachers should be championed. Fine educational systems and school buildings of reasonable and pleasing architecture and construction should be maintained, but opposition should be made to the waste and extravagance that is crushing the children, teachers, and taxpayers.

When Cleveland's new School Board took office in January, 1932, there were thirty-seven divisions and bureaus at school headquarters. At the head of some divisions was a commissioner; then, in bureaucratic order, followed an assistant commissioner, office manager, senior stenographers, junior stenographers, senior typists, junior typists, senior clerks, junior clerks, telephone operator, and extra help. These divisions, already numerous, were again split into bureaus. In many bureaus, much the same long list of aids, with its corps of senior stenographers, junior stenographers, senior typists, junior typists, senior clerks, and junior clerks.

Heading these bureaus were chiefs and assistant chiefs, who were paid with no mere trinkets or beads, but $3500 to $8500 a year. We had more chiefs than all the Indian tribes that once inhabited this country. The advent of the panic of 1929 neither limited the number of divisions nor halted the ceaseless boosting of headquarters' salaries. Year after year they had been increased, and, indeed, more increases were made effective on the eve of, or just following, the slump. Then, as the stock market suffered one collapse after another, as foodstuffs and commodities fell to the lowest point theretofore reached in a quarter of a century, as millions were thrown out of work and as the breadline became a reality, many of the "highboys" at headquarters were given a further raise in salary. And, as usual with boards of education, all members voted alike. No dissension. Raises and expenditures had become the rule. Look about in your own city and see if you do not find similar conditions.

Economies were necessary, yet they were achieved only by the most strenuous means. When, for example, it was ascertained that school business department savings could be put into effect, such a move was fought strenuously. It required forceful investigation and we had actually to close the entire business department, recast it, and start it anew. Now, with a reduction in the number of bureaus, instead of the meager saving which the department had with reluctance recommended, the school business division is being run at about 59½ per cent of the previous year's cost. The 40 per cent difference is being saved for the benefit of the children, taxpayers, and teachers.

Within eighty days following the installation of a new School Board, economies were devised and waste checked in all departments to such an extent that the school treasurer stated the annual cost of operation had fallen off $600,000. Since then, that rate has been improved to well over a million dollars — a saving effected outside of salary cuts.

The Gullible Voters

Much of the former spending grandeur had been supported by school bonds voted by the taxpayers themselves. Whenever they found ballots for such bonds in their voting booths and inquired as to the purpose, the ready answer was: "It's for the *children!*" Blushing with embarrassment, the citizen would meekly vote "yes." After two years, and again later, other special ballots for still further bond issues would be presented to the voters and always the answer would be: "Why, it's for the C-H-I-L-D-R-E-N!" Now, however,

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we have come to learn that some of the "children" are bald-headed men with full grown mustaches at Headquarters. Here again, Cleveland has not been different from many other municipalities throughout the country.

And then, too, all through Cleveland's school system ran a strong strain of nepotism. The relatives were not forgotten. Fathers, sons, husbands, wives, brothers, daughters, and sisters-in-law were lined up before the pay clerk. "Twins," "triplets," and in some cases even "quadruplets" were on the school payroll. The higher the officials, the more relatives. Their family trees took strong root in the school board treasury.

The new board at once established a rule forbidding such dual or family employment, and added that no immediate relatives of school board members could be employed, for it was apparent that a principal or one in the business division would not feel free to suggest the dismissal of any relative of a board member or high official, fearing, of course, loss of his own position.

Extravagant Buildings

We investigated the Division of Architecture — one of the thirty-seven bureaus — and found there a commissioner, a chief, an office manager, and other titled personages. In ten years of undisputed sway, this division had cost nearly two millions in salaries and incidental expenses alone. No one questioned it, so it employed and paid persons for "having charge" of plans and specifications, but instead of actually doing the work they "farmed out" much of it. Were any competitive bids invited? No, indeed not! "This," they said, "requires expert service; it cannot be competitive." The same outside names were repeatedly recommended by the school business department, and the School Board always voted "yes."

Millions were spent on new buildings. The educators lolled back in their comfy chairs and dotted the whole city map with red points showing where they would like new schools. The map had so many pinheads it looked like an epidemic of measles. They bought site after site, but many of these parcels have never been built upon and never will be used. Some of the schools cost a million dollars each, and many cost three quarters of a million. But why worry over cost? The public would vote the funds, for did it not make a "greater educational system?" That is one of the primary aims of some educators, because a greater system makes for more sinecures and easy positions and higher salaries for those near the top. The educational departments in Cleveland, as elsewhere, are just as responsible for these wastes as the business divisions, for the former have continually insisted upon the fulfillment of their every fancy.

All of this construction was monopolized by the Division of Architecture. It made no difference how stupidly that bureau designed; it mattered not how extravagantly it planned, how improvidently it laid out buildings, no outside architect was allowed to compete. All of the architectural genius of the country was excluded. Protests were stifled and frowned upon. No voice was ever heard before the board.

A few instances of the waste will suffice:

The heating contract for one of the schools provided for the supplying of radiator shields — mere pieces of sheet iron bent and fashioned to fit over the top of a radiator. Simple to make. Fifty-two of them were needed. For a small town near-by they were quoted at $750, but for Cleveland, the independent sales agency quoted $1110 for the identical product made in the same factory.

On the upper floors of some junior high buildings, the bureau placed nearly four hundred 100-watt bulbs behind mazed-glass panels in specially constructed copper troughs lined with mirror backings, and then tore them out, substituting, instead, twenty common-sense fixtures that use only twenty identical bulbs altogether. Electric lights required by law over each stairway, were on circuits that had scores of other bulbs, so that all burned throughout each day. One understands why our electric current bill rose to almost a quarter of a million dollars a year. Yet you may be sure that very little of this current was used in night-work at Headquarters.

Many of our smokestacks were so ornately and elaborately built that one, literally, could see the money go up the chimney. While homes all over the land were being sold by the sheriffs in 1931, the exteriors of our new school buildings were being decorated with showy carved and scrolled mullions and spandrels of

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cast aluminum. Neither stone nor brick were costly enough. Go through the country and in state after state you will see similar all-stone palaces that are proving a burden even to the affluent taxpayers in small and large municipalities.

In Cleveland we applied a simple cure — we abolished the Bureau of Architecture, even though many of its employees were capable and economical.

Innumerable other wastes existed. Much of the unoccupied sixth floor of the new, palatial three million dollar headquarters building (inspired by the educators) was equipped with tables, easels, and display cases in the hope that some day the library or other display activities might possibly occupy that floor. There are $96,000 worth of dental chairs that are never used. Telephones alone cost $53,000 per year. Water cost over $90,000. An abandoned school had watchmen that cost $3400, and then the building was sold for $500. Countless items like these, taken together, create a sizable expenditure and much of it comes out of bond funds with interest and payments running for years to come. The savings would have kept many a school open for the children. Most of these unpardonable practices have now been stopped in Cleveland.

Swollen Bond Debts

Careful study and comparison satisfies one that there has been such waste and extravagance that Cleveland has not received more than sixty-five cents of value for each dollar spent upon new schools. Thus, our bonded indebtedness for buildings rose to thirty-three millions; it should not have exceeded twenty-two millions. The size of this indebtedness was frightening to School Headquarters and so it was suggested that this big mortgage should be paid off — not out of savings, but by an extra tax levy. The public — still giving heed to the cry "It's for the children!" — voted this extra levy for ten years, thus simply taking the mortgage off the school houses and saddling it upon their own houses. And even now, after much of this debt has been paid off, the payments for interest and principal upon the balance come to almost three millions each year.

In 1932, because of tax delinquencies, the extra tax levy did not bring enough to meet the bond indebtedness, so, to prevent bond default, it became necessary for the Cleveland School Treasurer to take $400,000 out of the *operating* fund and apply it to bond interest and principal. This meant that $300,000 had to be taken out of the pay envelopes of the teachers, as they receive approximately three-fourths of each operating dollar.

Through the large reductions already effected, Cleveland's budget has been reduced by nearly three million dollars between July 1, 1932 and July 1, 1933. Despite this, the Acting Superintendent declared the educational system had been improved. But the system is not being starved merely to save money. The educational department has delegated a competent overseer to make sure that there are enough supplies. All necessary text and supplementary books are purchased, as they are the required tools. But we no longer permit single schools twenty-two basketballs a year, costing $11 each; nor 19,800 pencils in a special school of only 900 pupils; nor do we now allow, like some cities, delivery of supplies every eight days, with everyone permitted to send in orders and requisitions. Our school warehouse now sensibly delivers to each of the 156 schools only a few times a year, nor does it — as formerly — stock up with such quantities of supplies that some of them, at the present rate of consumption, would last seventy years. Other cities piled up similar unnecessary supplies. Despite its reduced budget — out of its own funds and without accepting money that was principally donated in former years — the School Board has been able to supply indigent children with milk and crackers and, for the first time, with pencils, tablets, paper, and more books than ever before.

But much remains to be done. Wasteful as business departments in schools are, they have been outstripped by the extravagance of the educational divisions. There are still twenty-nine major and minor bureaus in the educational department alone at Cleveland headquarters. Numbers of these can be consolidated, to the improvement of the system, just as the business divisions have been cut from seven to three. We still have twelve different persons to whom applicants go for various positions. There are too many secretaries at school headquarters, too much time for crossword puzzles there, too many "senior" stenographers, too

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many graphs and blueprints and charts and copyrighted mental tests, too many reports, reports, reports required from the teachers.

On the whole it is not so much the Headquarters' salaries as it is the limitless waste they invent, the unnecessary expenditures they inaugurate, and their ever increasing plans for constantly enlarging their pet whims. For example, they demanded and got twelve upright pianos at $375 each, even in the midst of depression prices; they put on the "obsolete" list almost one hundred and fifty thousand volumes of supplementary reading books, and previously scrapped tons of others some of which are generally recognized standards and classics of the world, and at the same time they were buying shelves of other supplementary books. The better volumes should not have been sold for waste paper. The saving of many of these unnecessary expenditures could help keep the schools open for the children. We modified many of these excesses, but, sadly, we cannot save on the over-sized bond debt, because its interest and payments are fastened like a chain upon us.

Unfortunately there is no basis upon which school costs in one city may be measured against those of other municipalities. No two accounting methods or financial reports throughout the country are alike or even comparable. Careful study seems to indicate that in another large city, with an equally fine school system, the per-pupil cost is substantially lower than in Cleveland. But one cannot be certain of that, for the figures are not sufficiently detailed, nor are they on a uniform basis. Congress should establish — through the Federal Department of Education — a compulsory and uniform system of school reporting. Then, the finger can quickly be put upon each particular offending cost. Nationally, a third of a billion can be saved in a year.

What Cleveland has done, any city can do. Not without opposition, of course. In many cities, those at the top of the school systems have been in charge so long they have come to think the schools belong to them. They resent being questioned. They build a wall around "their" system. They treat it as though the public had but small rights. They cry out that it is destroying the schools if anyone differs with them.

But a New Era must come into play. The most recent available figures show that the bonded school debt in the United States rose from approximately 750 millions in 1922, to the staggering sum of 2½ billions in 1933. As a matter of fact, the increase was even greater in that period, because about three-quarters of a billion has been paid off in those ten years and that too must be added. But, large as that total is, it is in *addition* to the tremendous amounts expended for school buildings out of approvable "pay-as-you go" plans and beside the towering sums paid for interest in those ten years.

The interest and payments on the nation-wide school bonded debt will eat up over a quarter of a billion dollars this year alone. This and the continuing extravagance of the bureaucratic chiefs are eating the very heart out of the nation's school funds, are breaking the backs of the taxpayers, and threatening to harm the education of our children.

Of course, there are many fine school officials, consecrated to their work, economical, and competent, but in many systems bureaucracy has laid an almost irremovable hold.

Every reasonable economy must be adopted. If, throughout the land, all board members, executives, and teachers will plan and work together, much can be accomplished in this direction without impairing our educational systems. It must be done with the greatest care, of course, bearing always in mind that there is a point beyond which is found not economy, but *demoralization*. We must not demoralize the fine armies of teachers that serve so well in most municipalities.

In Cleveland the door is wide open for co-operation, because the teachers have come to know that they work with, and not merely for, the School Board. The movement continues with no friends to reward and no enemies to punish. The people of this city are now interested and alert; they are school-conscious.

Will the rest of the country follow Cleveland's example?

The issues are clear:

The schools are meant for the *children*.

Schools must be kept open.

The teachers must not be reduced to want.

The taxpayers must be relieved of the unnecessary part of their present burden.

Truly, all over this land, it is time the *people* go to school.

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Progress on Parade

by **PAUL HUTCHINSON**

I

"Uncle Steve" Sumner is, I am prepared to maintain, Chicago's most interesting citizen. Crowding close on eighty years of age, he rules a great labor union with a rod of iron, proving in the process that, even under present conditions, labor can maintain a dominant position in a major industry. To be sure, Uncle Steve has been forced to resort to strong-arm methods at times to protect what he considers to be the interests of the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union, of which he is permanent secretary. But in this fourth year of the depression he can point to an organization with its membership intact, its wage scale still high, and with a cash surplus which is rumored to be in the neighborhood of two million dollars.

This latter item has caused trouble for the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union and for Uncle Steve. Two million dollars is too large a sum to escape the attention of the gentry who prey on legitimate industry, and about a year and a half ago they signified their interest by kidnaping the president of the union. It cost fifty thousand dollars to ransom him. Later, a delegation of armed men walked into the office of Uncle Steve and informed him that the union would shortly thereafter install a set of officers selected for it by Mr. Murray Humphries. Mr. Humphries is the gentleman who took up the executive duties which Mr. Al Capone was forced to lay aside for a time on his departure for Atlanta. The alternative to the installation of these gang-nominated officers would be unpleasant, so the delegation stated, both for the union and for Uncle Steve.

Now Uncle Steve, as I have said, is no youngster. He is far past the age at which most men would care to pick a fight with organized gangdom. Neither is he a belligerent sort of person. On the contrary, he is a pious, pillar-of-the-church kind of man, holding extremely puritanical ideas as to the sinfulness of liquor, tobacco, profanity, and most of the other accompaniments of the labor-world battler. But instead of knuckling under to the gang ultimatum, or leaving its outcome to the ministrations of prayer and reason, Uncle Steve proceeded to transform his union's headquarters, in an old mansion out on Ashland Boulevard, into as complete a fortress as modern ingenuity could devise. Every room has steel walls; there are rifle-apertures in every wall; every door is armored and electrically charged. If these devices, backed up with machine guns and grenades, should prove insufficient to withstand attack, every room can be transformed into a lethal chamber.

Well, all this is a somewhat lengthy, but necessary, way of leading up to a recent remark of Uncle Steve's. In one of his not infrequent philosophical moments the old labor leader was thinking out loud about some of the civic conditions in Chicago. Reference had been made to the pride with which the city's big business men were pushing toward completion their new world's fair, the Century of Progress Exposition on the lake-front. Uncle Steve laughed.

"Do you know what I'd like to do?" he demanded. "I'd like to take this fort of ours, just as it stands, and move it down there next to the reproduction of old Fort Dearborn. Then I'd like to stick a sign up across the front of both of them: 'A Century of Progress'!"

II

Somehow, I find it impossible to visit the magic city which Chicago has created to celebrate the triumphs of the hundred years that have passed since the incorporation of the prairie metropolis without thinking of "Uncle Steve" Sumner's comment. Here in a park that stretches along several miles of the Lake Michigan waterfront is assembled every conceivable device to parade man's confidence and pride in his progress. Two hundred million

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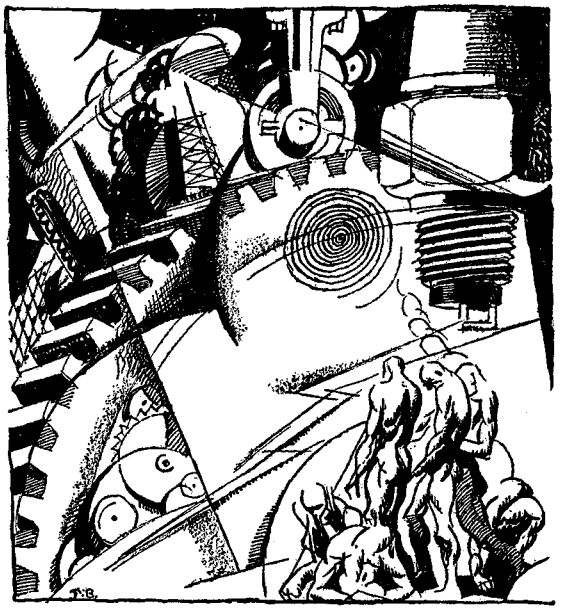

people, optimists dare to hope, will converge here during the next five months before a display which will be shouting, by day and night, "See how paltry was my estate a hundred years ago; see how lofty are the heights on which I stand to-day!" Most of those who pass across these square miles of exhibition space will go away exhilarated with a sense of man's achievements. (I among them.) But still amid the overpowering evidence of the success which has rewarded effort in a thousand fields of human activity, I know that my mind will insist on conjuring up Uncle Steve's ironic picture. Is the great exhibition a testimony to a fact, or to a delusion?

After one has wandered about the Century of Progress Exposition for a bit, it seems almost boorish to suggest the possibility of such a question. Surely, the building and holding of the fair at such a time is, in itself, sufficient proof of the reality of man's achievements! When it is considered that this exposition has been brought into being without a penny of public subsidy, that its buildings have been erected at a time when the economic life of the supporting community was plunging toward catastrophe, that its officers have kept driving relentlessly ahead while their own personal fortunes were evaporating and their affairs growing increasingly exigent, it is hard to keep within bounds one's admiration for the men who have put this thing over.

They have produced a show worth seeing. Let there be no doubt as to that. One sign of progress during the more recent portion of this past hundred years has been a growing public sophistication with regard to ballyhoo. But the ballyhoo that is trying to draw the crowds to Chicago this summer is justified. The visit of millions may actually have a measurable effect on the future ordering of American life — an effect even more important than that which the social scientists say was exerted by the Chicago fair of 1893. It is inconceivable that any person, however lacking in educational background, can walk through these miles of exhibits without taking away a definite idea of what is meant by those awesome symbols, "machine-age civilization." The fair is, all ballyhoo aside, the most gigantic experiment in adult education this country has known. There is reason to hope that it will prove the most successful.

But does the lesson it has to teach make it certain that there has been a "century of progress"? The very name which the assurance of the fair's directors has chosen constitutes a challenge. Has progress been a reality? Progress toward what?

III

It's an ancient debate, this discussion of the reality of progress. Curiously enough, it would probably have excited less controversy at the opening of the last hundred years than it does at its close. I suppose that there is a sense in which the progress idea can be said to have been opposed, in philosophical quarters, by the cycle idea. And if you trace the graph of thought, at least in the West, for the past century you find that it opened with the assurance of progress steadily gaining ground — thanks to the industrial revolution — and closed with the disillusion of the cycle again settling down over men's minds. Or, to put it in more personal terms, it has been a century which opened with a Tennyson shouting:

> For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see —
> Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be —
>
> Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
> Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

That was 1842, nine years after this arbitrarily chosen "century of progress" opened. And what was there nine years before it closed? Oswald Spengler!

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As a matter of fact, when one sits back and tries to look at this exposition from a philosophical standpoint, the question is likely to arise as to whether it does not prove that Chicago (that is, the American heart-of-empire) stands to-day, in its thinking, just about where London was standing in 1833. That was a London to which, thanks to Watts and Stephenson and their disciples, the nations of earth were beginning to offer tribute. That was a London which, unknowingly, was preparing to welcome the Prince Consort, who brought in his train the Crystal Palace exhibition of 1851. It was a London out of which was presently to come Herbert Spenser's essay on "Progress: Its Law and Cause"; it was a London which would think that it had found the revelation of a gospel of inevitable progress in Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species."

Chicago's Century of Progress, 1933, is ideationally London's Crystal Palace of 1851. Its progress proves, on analysis, to be progress in technique. It is presented by men who have no doubt that progress in technique is sufficient guaranty of progress in everything that pertains to human interest. The problem of life is to be solved in terms of method.

Manifestly, a far more brilliant argument for this conception is being presented at Chicago this summer than could be presented at the Crystal Palace eighty-two years ago. There *has* been progress in technique. It is proved by every circumstance of the exposition. Its very location represents an engineering triumph, for the land on which it stands was non-existent when the enterprise was launched; it is ground that has been drawn forth out of the bottom of Lake Michigan as a magician draws rabbits out of a hat. Its architecture is calculated — successfully, in my opinion — to make the visitor's mind receptive to the idea that the best is yet to be. (When one thinks of what the Crystal Palace and Prince Albert, between them, managed to do to the architectural aspect of Western life and then studies the buildings that have been erected in Chicago, one has moments of misgiving. But, in my case, these do not last long. There is vigor, honesty, utility and — I insist — beauty here. With these, why worry about the outcome?)

The emphasis in the exhibits lies on process. One thing the public will be spared after this fair is over is the advertising of "grand prizes" and "blue ribbons" for all the articles displayed. There is to be no competition between finished products; the visitor will not be bored to death looking at miles of completed goods. On the contrary, both in the exhibit halls controlled by the fair and in the buildings erected by typical industries, the exhibits have been planned to show the method involved rather than the end achieved.

Elements of "showmanship" enter into the exhibits here and there in a way to suggest that modern scientific practice is a combination of Hollywood and Houdini. This may give the casual observer a warped impression, due on the one hand to an over-simplification of the process demonstrated and on the other to a failure to include sufficient drudgery and monotony to provide a comprehensive understanding of the complete laboratory and factory method. Moreover, the shortage of funds has forced the designers to give up some of the most ambitious projects which they had in mind when the building of the fair began. On the whole, however, it is fair to say that any serious-minded visitor who spends sufficient time at Chicago to look with care at the exhibits in the principal buildings should carry away a well-rounded-out idea of the basis on which the modern claim to progress rests.

But that leaves us with our second question to answer. Progress toward what?

IV

Tucked away in the heart of the Chicago exposition are two "concessions" that are only in a spectacular way related to the main show. Yet they have more significance than many will recognize. One is a reproduction of the original Fort Dearborn, out of which developed Chicago. The other is a stockade containing reproductions of the buildings connected with Lincoln's career — the cabin in which he was born, the half-faced camp in which he lived in Indiana, the store in which he clerked at New Salem, the inn where he courted Ann Rutledge, the "Wigwam" in which he was nominated for the Presidency. It is expected that both concessions will be preserved after the exposition vanishes; to-day they stand in striking contrast to the sleek surfaces and aggressive angles of the modernistic architecture in the other buildings.

One looks, however, at the logs in Fort Dear-

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born and the unpainted siding of the Rutledge tavern with new questions in mind. Life was neither easy nor particularly enviable in the communities of which those simple structures formed a part. Considerable romanticizing has been indulged in concerning them, but the truth is that the sons who gave them fame forged their characters by triumphing over their surroundings. Yet, as one turns from the frontier fort and the frontier village to look at the pall of smoke hanging over the modern city, these crowding questions will not down.

A century of progress in technique; yes! But is *life* making progress? Do the millions who form the proud city that summons the earth to celebrate its glories know more about the fine art of living than did the handful who sought safety in the old fort or tried — unsuccessfully — to found a new settlement around the primitive tavern and store?

Chicago puts on its best front for the visitor to its fair. I know no city which presents a more inspiring sight than Chicago, seen from the lake-front on a day of clear sunshine. But it takes hardly more than a second look to show that not all the story is told in the gardens and fountain and museums of the lake-front park, or in the arrogant skyscrapers (many of them at present in the hands of receivers) along Michigan Boulevard. Here, to the left, are the miles and miles of railway tracks, mute evidence of the way in which industry has strangled and warped the city's natural development. And behind the façade of the Lake Shore Drive and the bustling Loop, there lie miles and miles of as dreary, sodden, utterly hope-destroying tenements as are to be found.

Nothing is to be gained by devoting much detail to this part of the picture. The facts are so generally known that it is sufficient to put down the bare reminder that they are there. But if Chicago means the indomitable will-to-do that is shown in this 1933 fair and in the picture spread along the lake-front for many miles, Chicago also means these other things. It means dire poverty; an expenditure at present of about seven million dollars a month just to keep a quarter of the population alive, and appalling living conditions for large portions of the population at all times. It means government almost completely at the mercy of organized lawlessness; an inseparable alliance between politics and crime. It means courts which have lost the confidence of the people; all the conditions which Professor Moley has laid bare in the municipal courts of New York can be duplicated, or topped, in the lower courts of Chicago. It means schools always on the brink of chaos, and social services either the playthings of politics in times of plenty or cut to the bone in times of want. It means a vast industrial machine, so poorly designed that it cannot protect itself against the ravages of the business cycle or its serfs against periodic hunger.

Nor is this all the indictment. Here is this city, grown from a handful to a position fourth in size among all the cities of the earth within the space of a century! Why? Because, we are told, of the incredible fertility, the boundless fecundity of the prairie empire of which it is the capital. Yet to-day, even as the city calls on the world to celebrate its achievements, it develops that this single century has been enough to drain away from this hinterland most of its fabulous wealth. So that the misery of the unemployed factory hand is matched by the desperation of the farmer and the stock-raiser, milling about in mobs to frighten away the sheriff as he attempts foreclosures!

The life of the city seems at the mercy of exactions for endless "services" which are beyond the control of any agencies which have so far been devised. (There is a certain ironic fitness in the selection of the home of the Insull pyramid as the site of a celebration of urban achievement.) The life of the country has been wrecked by the demand of city serfs for cheap food. And man — man the clod on the land; man the cipher in the factory and tenement — is the ultimate victim.

It is a great show that is being put on in Chicago this summer; a truly great show. If ever a world's fair deserved a visit, this one does. But its premises are not to be granted without thought; its title should not be spoken in the simple declarative mood. A "Century of Progress"? Only if it is admitted that such a fair serves to demonstrate the limitations as well as the achievements of our progress. For after all, as those who come to the fair will discover, all Chicago, rather than merely the buildings inside the exhibition park, is the true exhibit against which to form judgments as to whether the past hundred years have borne us forward.

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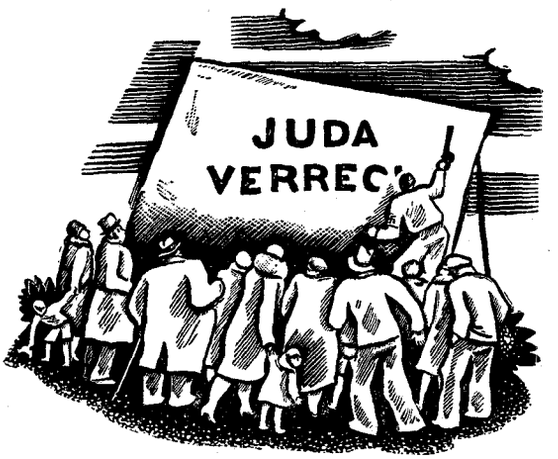
Why Germany Hates the Jews



by **S. McCLATCHIE**

JUDA VERRECKE! "Down with Jewry!" For fifteen years Adolf Hitler has been training the German people to shout this battle cry. For years his brown-shirted storm troops have been yelling, "Juda verrecke!" to the tramp of their marching feet. For years the Nazis have been flaunting the slogan, "Down with Jewry!" from their streamers and handbills and posters. For years they have scribbled it on walls, blazoned it in newspaper headlines, screamed it through loudspeakers. "*Juda verrecke!*" "Down with Jewry!"

Every Nazi banner proclaims Hitler's anti-Semitism. For the insignia of National Socialism is the swastika, and to every German this symbol signifies simon-pure Germanism; it means Teutonic nationalism purged of all Jewish influence; it means in short, "Down with Jewry!"

Hitler did not originate this use of the swastika. It has been a nationalist symbol for generations. The old German National party, the strongest faction which supported the former imperial régime, used the swastika device. Although the Kaiser himself was impartial toward the Jews, his chief supporters were anti-Semitic. Hitler has seized upon the old nationalist spirit, and in so doing he has taken over the symbol of 100% Germanism.

Hitler has in fact originated no new doctrine at all. His platform combines with German nationalism a typically German socialism. Both of these trends he found ready-made. But he had the uncanny cleverness to combine the two into a single movement. This movement is National Socialism.

At a time when the German people themselves didn't know what they wanted, when they were torn between socialism on the left and nationalism on the right, when they were wavering uncertain and hopeless in the midst of general calamity, it was Hitler who galvanized them into action, who showed them what they really wanted. He broke the spell of indecision. He said in effect, "You don't have to choose between right and left at all; you can be on both sides at once. Follow me."

And seventeen million Germans fell into line and marched with Hitler to victory. He became the leader of the strongest party that Germany has ever had. So they made him Chancellor, and then finally they made him Dictator, with more power than any Kaiser. Thus he was rewarded for his genius for telling a great nation what it wanted and what to do in a time of national crisis.

Again and again it has been predicted that the Hitler party was about to break in two on

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account of its fence-straddling. But it has never broken. On the contrary it has drawn strength from its seeming contradition of policy. It has drawn socialists toward nationalism and nationalists towards socialism, uniting the two factions in a common cause in the hour of Germany's dire need.

Hitler's dictatorship received an overwhelming majority in the Reichstag. Something of the wild enthusiasm which seized the Fatherland in '71, when the Imperial Reich was founded, has swept Hitler into unprecedented power. The dynamic element in this enthusiasm is the German nationalist spirit. Even the socialists backed nationalism to the limit in 1871 and in 1914. They are backing it with like enthusiasm in 1933.

Now in Germany, nationalism always means anti-Semitism. Why? Is this mere blind fanaticism, racial hatred, reasonless intolerance? Yes, in part. But only in small part. The German is very little given to such foolish emotions.

I know the Germans from nearly a decade of residence in their midst. During this time I lived and thought as a German. I married a German woman and had only German friends. I have seen the Hitler movement grow from insignificance to national proportions. I have lived and worked with fervent nationalists as well as with outstanding German Jews. I will here try to give an impartial interpretation of Germany's Jewish problem.

In the first place, it must be admitted that the nationalist attitude is not altogether rational, even though it is not foolishly emotional. The Jew is indeed a thorn in the side to many Germans, but above and beyond this he is a symbol, a symbol of an illness which is stirring very deeply in the Germanic soul.

A symbol of what? Certainly not of religious conflict. The Germans are very far removed indeed from any sort of religious fanaticism. There isn't even enough interest in religion amongst them to support a revival meeting. The fact is that in Protestant Germany religion is practically a dead issue. Hardly anyone in the cities of the North even takes the trouble to go to church. And the Catholics everywhere are notoriously tolerant. The Jewish question is certainly no religious issue.

Is it then a matter of mere racial prejudice? No, it is not that either, if by racial prejudice you mean the sort of feeling which many Americans harbor against "Dagos," "Niggers," or "Chinks." The German Jews have been German citizens for hundreds of years; outwardly they are almost indistinguishable from their Gentile fellow-citizens. For generations Jew and Gentile have shared the same language, schooling, institutions, and culture. Many of the greatest Germans have been and are Jews. The Jews have contributed to German civilization to an extent far out of proportion to their numbers.

Jews and Money-Mindedness

Yet somehow the Jew is very different. He "sticks out" amongst the Germans far more than the English Jew does amongst Anglo-Saxons. Why? Here again questions of race and religion are comparatively insignificant at the present time. Religion is important only as the factor which has kept Jews apart from their neighbors all these thousands of years, and thus preserved Jewish traditions of life and business from absorption and extinction.

We will find our answer chiefly in the very antiquity of these traditions. Spengler in his monumental morphology of history, *Decline of the West*, has taught us the meaning of racial age. He speaks of young and of old races or cultures. In this sense, the Germans are a very young race, the Anglo-Saxons a more mature race, and the Jews a very old one. We are thinking of course of traditions rather than of blood heritage.

In the Spenglerian sense the American people is much older than the German people. Our civilization is but an offshoot of English culture, our forms of government and industry are but projections of English forms. Now in those centuries when our forbears in England were laying the foundation of constitutional government, Germany was still a maze of petty feudal states. In the age of Shakespeare, the Germans were still without any outstanding literature of any sort. The Anglo-Saxon revolutions (under Cromwell and under Washington) preceded by centuries the German republican revolution.

At the time when Louis XIV was building the most magnificent of palaces at Versailles, a crude and primitive Germany was just struggling out of the frightful devastation left by the Thirty Years War. Effective serfdom has

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existed in Germany up to times within living memory. Up to the end of the World War, semi-feudal princes still ruled over various German states. Even to-day, millions of German peasants still plod behind oxen, reap with the sickle, and live much as their forefathers have lived since time out of mind.

Now the Jews did their plodding behind oxen thousands of years ago. They had a great literature long before Christ. They went through the stage of feudalism even before Rome became a republic. At a time when the Teutons and the Angles and the Saxons were still running around in bear-skins throwing javelins at wild boars, the Jew was already an accomplished business man. When the Jew came into medieval Europe, he brought with him traditions of civilization thousands of years old.

Now one of the most prominent characteristics of racial maturity is money-mindedness. Jews and Chinese are on a par in this respect. We Anglo-Saxons are just beginning to develop the business capacity into a racial instinct. The Jew in medieval Europe was in commercial matters like a grown-up amongst children. He was money-minded in the midst of a people which was still almost wholly land-minded. That he could outwit in money matters the medieval rustic goes without saying. The average Christian of those days was about as helpless in his hands as a country storekeeper would be in Wall Street. That is, he was helpless except as he had recourse to the only defense which he knew how to use, namely physical violence.

As we Anglo-Saxons have matured and grown money-minded, we have lost the capacity for understanding anti-Semitism. The nearer we approach the Jews in racial age, the more we become like them in our business instincts. And the more we become like them, the less reason we see for disliking them. Thus German anti-Semitism appears to us monstrous and unreasonable.

But we must bear in mind the relative youth of Germanism. The spirit of the money-lender, of high finance, and of big business is still essentially foreign to them. They have nothing comparable to our Wall Street, and they have never played the international banker, as have France and England. In a very deep sense, money-mindedness is repugnant to the Germans. It is they who developed socialism, which is in large measure a protest against the rule of gold, against emphasizing material at the expense of human values. There is after all a deep-lying consistency in Hitler's combination of socialism with nationalism.

Even amongst us, in spite of our relative racial maturity, there is still a tendency to distrust the "moneyed interests." We too still have the feeling that somehow mammon is at the root of all evil. But we have lost the feeling that the Jew is at the root of mammon. It is hundreds of years since money matters in Anglo-Saxondom were chiefly in Jewish hands. But in Germany Jewish control of money is still a living memory. Up until very recent times German banking centered in the Ghetto of Frankfurt. Even German governments were financed from there by the House of Rothschild.

When we Americans feel irked by the rule of gold and inclined to denounce finance high and low, we seize upon a symbol; we inveigh against "Wall Street." Whenever the German feels this way, which he does far more frequently and vehemently than we, he seizes upon another symbol; he denounces the "Jew." By "Jew" he means not so much a race as an idea, the idea of capitalism, materialism, and money-mindedness. This idea in turn symbolizes an ever-present fact of modern life, namely bondage to city streets and factories, to the lathe and to the adding machine.

The German Revolt Against the Machine

Industrialism is not German. The Germans borrowed the machine, the factory and the factory town from England. They borrowed the applications of electricity and high-speed production methods from America. They borrowed gladly at first, seeing in the foreign tools a way out of national weakness, a way towards a place in the sun.

The Germans went through a stage after the war of almost worshiping American industrial methods. They saw that we could produce a better car for less money than they could, and at the same time pay the worker who produced it three times the German wage. They saw that we could sell an electric lamp for 20 cents, for which they were compelled to ask 35 cents in order to make a profit; yet they could get factory help for 15 cents an hour. They saw in short that fabulous state of affairs which we called "prosperity."

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They sent over countless scouts to study our prosperity and to report on it. They wrote hundreds of books about it. And then even in the midst of our prosperity doubt began creeping into their minds. The scouts began discovering our "slavery" to the machine, they started sending back unfavorable reports about American life. And so the tide of feeling turned against our industrialism. This tide was helped along by many other forces. It developed into a veritable revolt against the machine. It is partly this revolt which has swept Hitler into power.

Of course, we too are conscious of our "machine slavery." But still, our feeling about it remains essentially different from the German's. For after all, the machine is our creation, it is our very own brain-child. To the German industrialism is still somehow foreign, for it is not a spontaneous and original product of the Teuton spirit. As he is too young to give his soul to the counting house, so is he also too racially youthful to give himself up wholeheartedly to machine civilization.

And here we come again to our symbolism: the Jew is not only money-lender but also industrial capitalist. He has taken hold of production wherever it seems most profitable. He is interested in nothing more than in the extension of the industrial system. Here again he collides with the new nationalist spirit. It is of course true that there are plenty of big industrialists who are 100% German. But the Jew is a convenient symbol for the unpleasant aspects of modern capitalism.

Then too, the Jew is linked with communism. A great many of the leaders of the communist movement are Jewish. Most of the high offices in the Russian government are in Jewish hands. It sounds paradoxical to say that Judaism stands both for capitalism and for communism. But we must remember that these two forces have this in common: they both aim to extend the industrial system. Russia is completely "sold" on mechanization. Germany is fed up on the same thing. Hitler is violently anti-communist, in spite of his socialistic leanings.

It is more particularly the rising generation of Germany which is in revolt against the further mechanization of life. This is in direct contrast to young Russia, a Russia which has not yet tasted to the full the advantages and the bitterness of an industrialized existence. German youth has had enough of machine slavery. It has no dea of abolishing any of the machines, but it is saying to industrialism, "Thus far and no farther!"

Hitler draws his main strength from the youth of the land, from this youth which is bent on recovering the traditions of the German soil. But the Jew does not share this youthful Teutonic romanticism. He has the practical hard-headedness of an ancient race. His traditions fasten him to the town. It is there alone that he feels at home.

German youth despises the Jew who has no stake in Germanic traditions, the money-grubbing Jew, the Jewish capitalist and banker. But above all, Judaism is to nationalist youth a symbol of oppression and repression, of all those forces of industrialism from which it is trying to escape.

Race Persecution in America

But of course, the Jew is not merely a symbol to the Germanizers. He is also a very real rival. As a prominent Hitlerite has recently put it: "The German is too credulous, and hence no match for the Jew. The Italian is cleverer, the Scotch banker is a match for the Jew anytime. In Italy and Great Britain there is no anti-Semitic problem."

Wherever men of mature commercial instinct mingle with still naïve races hatreds and misunderstandings are bound to arise. A striking example is the Chinaman in Mexico. Chinese merchants are naturally far better business men than native Mexicans. So the natives resent Chinese competition as unfair. As a result hundreds of Chinese have been cruelly expelled from Mexico in recent months.

In California we have a similar situation. Chinese and Japanese truck gardeners have practically driven white natives out of the gardening business. The whites have retaliated with Asiatic exclusion laws, and with laws intended to prevent land tenure by Asiatics. We have discriminated more harshly against the Japanese and Chinese than Hitler even threatens to discriminate against the Jews.

Then again, reports of our Negro lynchings are very shocking to European ears; also the accounts of Jim Crow cars, suppression of the Black Man's civil rights, and so forth. The White South restricts the Negro to a degree

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no sane German thinks of restricting the Jew.

And also, the Yankee go-getter is hated quite as cordially in lands south of the Rio Grande as the Jewish business man is anywhere in the world — and for similar reasons. The American in Mexico, in Central America and in large parts of South America is disliked on account of his commercial superiority. Our traders and exploiters profit by the immaturity of the natives. There can be no doubt that in the same way the Jews have profited at the expense of the more youthful European races. This statement discredits neither Jew nor Gentile. It simply records a fact which arises out of the very nature of the case.

In none of these racial difficulties does religious intolerance play any appreciable rôle. The same Mexicans who persecute the heathen Chinee are quite as ready to persecute their own native Catholic clergy. No Californian dreams of discriminating against Japanese on account of their religion. No more is German anti-Semitism based upon mere "intolerance" of any sort.

It is based upon very practical differences in method and objective. Jewish business practices are canny. There is hardly a German Gentile who has not found himself outwitted by a Jew. The Teuton resents this cleverness of the ancient race. And his resentment is as logical as American feeling against the Asiatic.

A third of the 600,000 Jews in Germany are immigrants from Russia. They are foreigners amongst unwilling hosts. They swept into Germany during the chaos of war and post-war conditions. The practices of these near-Asiatics are doubly objectionable to the natives. It is largely against them that the Nazis plan restrictive measures.

I am not here recording any plea for the methods of Hitler or any defense of the misdeeds of the Nazis. Racial discrimination of any sort may be evil. But it is just as evil in America as it is in Germany. Intolerance of any sort may be wrong, but it is just as wrong to be intolerant of young Germany as it is to be intolerant of Juda.

I have written in the interests of tolerance all around. And we have a very special reason for being tolerant of Hitler. All who are opposed to the westward spread of communism owe him thanks. Few Americans realize how precarious has been the situation in Central Europe. For years the race was nip and tuck between the forces of Moscow and the forces of Hitler. Both movements were growing by leaps and bounds. The final triumph of National Socialism over red radicalism is of vast and far-reaching historic significance. It is endlessly more meaningful than the racial squabble which has been occupying the headlines of our papers and the heads of our protest committees.

A First Love Letter

by **J. S. OF DALE**

It was a warm day in the bush. There was no wind; and the atmosphere was in successive layers, superposed, shimmering with the heat. The canvas-topped carts of the detachment were clumped together in a circle. On three sides the level, gray-green plain, broken in its sandy sameness only by an occasional clump of sage-bush or of prickly pear, stretched as far as one could see. On the fourth side was a low, apparently insignificant, but wholly impenetrable African thicket of indefinite extent. Trackless, tangled, arid, it was fit only to be the lurking-place of tigers and snakes, or Zulus. How much of a lurking-place it might be for the latter was a present and interesting question. Most of the company in

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the little camp were thinking of it. Captain Philip Haughton, in his private and particular tent, had ceased thinking about it.

There are many rapid transitions in modern life — changes of scene and *décor* — but probably even Americans know few extremes more startling than Piccadilly and Zululand. As much as the Captain's somewhat inactive mind was occupied with anything, it was busied with this reflection. It did not particularly surprise, much less excite him, this change. The young stoic of Belgravia probably takes about the same interest in such changes that he does in those of scenery in a theater; they are sometimes amusing, but more likely to be bores. However, there was uncommonly little affectation in Captain Phil's case. He had no reason whatever to regret leaving Piccadilly. It was after the season; and at such times St. James's street was a desert hardly more frequented, and infinitely less amusing, than South Africa. The only people you saw at the clubs were men you would avoid, even in South Africa. The regular round of country visits had begun; but as there was only one person whom Haughton particularly desired to meet, and she was, at the same time, one whom it was very important he should not meet — in brief, he did not much regret the loss of his various weeks in the shires. As for shooting, the partridges were mostly drowned, and black game scarce, he was told. And the Zulus were perhaps a more exciting and better preserved black game than either. "By Jove, I should think so," he thought, lazily, in applause of his own epigram. "Battues are nothing to it." The Captain was always ready to laugh at little or nothing. And he now smiled again, sweetly, as he reflected more precisely upon the position in which he found himself.

This story was published in the old Century Magazine fifty years ago. We re-publish it to show how fashions in fiction have changed since that time. Readers may find it of interest to compare it with the modern story on page 353. They don't die so gracefully these days. Which do you prefer: the realism of "Injustice," or the romanticism of "A First Love Story"? The Editor would be grateful for your comments.

He was sitting upon a shawl, which he had doubled upon the sand. The shawl was in front of a tent; and the tent was in a sort of arena, surrounded by a circle of white-covered carts, their rear and open ends facing inside — some of them still filled with stores, others serving as temporary shelter. Close outside, and around them all, was a rampart of wattled underbrush. Between each two was a practicable loophole, through which was thrust a rifle; beside each rifle rested the owner, in the enjoyment of a short clay pipe. Outside, at a distance of a few hundred yards, was a circlet of pacing sentries, who marched as if they were trying to pretend it was all an unusually warm review in the Park, knowing their commanding officer liked style, in South Africa or elsewhere. They were fond of their commanding officer. Inside again, at the shady end of the arena (while there was a shady end), a number of long-horned, gaunt cattle were picketed; near them, the few remaining horses of the command.

Behind the Captain, in the interior of the tent, stood the Captain's servant, engaged in polishing the tops of the Captain's boots. This he did with much attention and solicitude. He knew, with all the rest of the little command — with the corporals, the lieutenants, the buglers, and almost the poor, jaded horses themselves — that the Captain and his company were in a nasty mess. And in common with the rest of them, he sometimes took the liberty of wondering how they were to get out of it; that is, supposing that they were to get out of it.

Captain Haughton, however, had got away beyond that question. It was an idle habit of his to give up problems too difficult for immediate solution. Besides, his orders left him positively no option. He was to repair to a certain position, and hold it until the main body came up, keeping the Zulus in check. It had been supposed that the Zulus to be kept in check numbered only a thousand or so; but the orders applied equally well to the checking of any amount of them. As his servant gave the last careful rub to the upper rim of his boots, the Captain was, in fact, thinking not at all of the Zulus, but of the last ball he had gone to in London. He remembered particularly the heat of the conservatory. The very scents and dead sweetness of the place seemed to be still in his nostrils. He could see it now: the black coats and white shoulders; the gleam of diamonds against the shiny background of green leaves. "Like the eyes of snakes in a Zulu thicket," thought the Captain; "only not so frank in their malice," he added, gloomily. Haughton was a heavy, straightforward fellow by nature;

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and perhaps his attempts at cynicism were clumsy.

It was hotter than ever, and there was a drowsy noise of insects in the air. The Captain's servant came forward, just then, with the Captain's boots. He hesitated a moment, and looked at his master, the boots in one hand. He was uneasy; he had rarely seen Captain Philip so quiet.

"Any orders, sir?" saluting.

"No — or, stop — yes," said the Captain. "Ask Private Fairlie to come to me."

Saying which, the Captain leaned back as if overcome with the exertion of speaking, drew an embroidered tobacco-pouch from his pocket, and rolled a cigarette. As he looked at the tobacco-pouch, he became conscious of a tingling sensation in the bridge of his nose, which, having been very much sunburned, had begun to peel. This tobacco-pouch bore the initials *A.M.* — *P.H.*, and was a favorite trinket of his. Out of it, it had been his custom (being always a lazy man) to tease his fair friends into rolling cigarettes with their own white fingers.

"I am a damned fool," he remarked, with more emphasis than the occasion seemed to require. It was perfectly natural that his sunburned nose should tingle. Lighting his cigarette, he puffed a moment vigorously; but it was badly made, and the tobacco soon escaped from a seam at the side. Before he had time to roll another, a stout, blue-eyed countryman in the garb of a soldier stood before him; and the Captain became aware that Private Fairlie had saluted him, and was looking at him with an expression of unmistakable affection in his simple countenance.

"Private Fairlie?"

"Yes, your honor," said Fairlie, with another salute.

"You are the man whose horse was shot under him, and who rode behind me into camp from the skirmish yesterday?"

"Oh, your honor —" began Fairlie, with yet another salute, but this attempt at military discipline did not conceal a most undoubted blubber.

"There, there!" said the Captain, "enough of that. You were nearly senseless when I picked you up, and you said something about Kate. If I mistake not, that name, which I take to be feminine, was several times repeated during our ride. Now you will overlook my curiosity, but I should like to know: Who is Kate?"

"Kate, your honor? Why, Kate — Kate? I don't mind telling your honor — she — your honor knows, she lives near father's farm — and she said as how she'd — leastwise, she wouldn't *then*, your honor — but she said as how she'd have me if so be as I comes back from the wars alive; and you see, your honor, when I got under that there horse, sir, it come natural to think of her, and —"

"Private Fairlie, you're a fool."

"Yes, your honor."

The conversation ended, as it had begun, with a salute. The Captain rubbed his nose with his handkerchief, which caused the upper part of that organ to tingle as before. Fairlie having no handkerchief, scraped the sand with the inner edge of his right boot. The heat was really terrific, and both men were dazzled with the glare of the white tent. There was a smell of dust and horses; the camp was so still that the cattle could be heard striking the earth at the opposite end of the arena. The Captain rose and looked through the end of his tent between two of the carts. There was a double force of sentries on duty, and they were intently watching the low edge of bush that rimmed the plain. There was nothing to show that the bush was occupied. He turned once more to Fairlie.

"Private Fairlie, do you suppose Kate would care if you lost your precious skin?" The Captain spoke gruffly. Fairlie stared at him stupidly. At first he seemed disposed to tears again. Finally he grinned.

"Private Fairlie," said the Captain, more quietly, "I wish you to carry some dispatches

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back to Colonel Haddon at the general headquarters. You will take my horse, and start at dusk. He will carry you over the sixty miles before dawn. Of course, you must escape unseen. There is no moon, and you must be within call of the sentries at headquarters before daybreak. You will deliver the dispatches to Colonel Haddon himself. It is a chance if you get there with the dispatches; but if you do, there will be among them a letter asking for a furlough for yourself. When you have got it, you will return to England, and take a letter I shall give you to the person to whom it is addressed. Mind, you must insist on putting it into her own hands." Fairlie saluted. "When you have done this, you will go back to Derbyshire, and I strongly advise you to stay there. I will give you money to purchase your discharge. You understand?"

Private Fairlie was a stupid man; but, after some moments' hesitation, he replied, huskily: "Yes, your honor."

"Good, my man. You can go."

Fairlie touched his hat mechanically, and turned away. He had hardly got beyond the door of the tent when he turned, rushed back, grasped the Captain's hand, and then, with a "*Beg pardon, sir*," strode off to his mess. Meantime the Captain, it being an hour before sunset, closed the curtain of his tent and wrote two letters. The first was brief, and has been printed in army reports and in the newspapers as the last authentic report from his command:

"CAMP DERBYSHIRE, May 20, 1879.

"SIR: I have the honor to report a large force of Zulus in the front, estimated at over four thousand. It will be impossible for us to sustain a general attack. It therefore seems advisable that we should be reënforced at the earliest possible date, or the position we now hold reoccupied with much greater force. I have the honor to be,

"Your most obedient servant,
PHILIP HAUGHTON, Captain.

"Lieut.-Col. Haddon, C.B."

The second was longer, and has never been printed:

"To Miss ALICE MANNERS,
Axe-edge Moor, Derbyshire, England.

"I love you, Alice, and have always loved you. I have sometimes thought you knew it. If you did not know it, I write to tell you; if you did, to forgive you.

"O my darling! you will pardon my telling you this now, will you not? You have given me no right to send you a love letter, dearest; but this is one; yet do not be angry until you have read it all. Let me think, now, that perhaps you love me now, and now only; and that I would kiss you if you were here. My love — darling, do not throw the letter down. I wanted to tell you that I loved you — how much, you will never know; but you might have learned from others that I loved you, and I wanted to tell you myself before I died.

"I am here at an outpost in Africa, with half a company. The orders are to hold our camp at all hazard, and we shall certainly be attacked before dawn. If I thought there was any hope of our escaping, I should not write to you thus; but you will pardon me, dear, for we cannot retreat, and there is no chance of defense or reënforcement. Indeed there is not.

"My men all know it, too; but they are very quiet. They are brave fellows, and I think they like me. Perhaps it is wrong in me to send one of them away to carry this letter to you; but he is a Derbyshire man, and was crying to-day over his sweetheart, and I could not help it. I wanted him to get home to her; and one less to be killed here makes little difference. I should like you to help him a little when he gets to England.

"I hope that you are very happy. You must forgive me for telling you. You will not think it wrong for me to write so — now?

"Good-bye, dear Alice.

"PHILIP HAUGHTON."

It was some months after the date of this letter that the guests at Carysbridge Hall, in Derbyshire, were awaiting dinner. It is a nuisance, waiting for dinner; particularly when you are standing before the fire, as was Major Brandyball, and supporting a portly person in patent-leather pumps a trifle small. There were many guests for the pheasant shooting and Sir John was entertaining largely in honor of his young wife. But a man had come just before dinner, and had insisted on seeing Lady Cary personally; and she had now been gone nearly half an hour.

"I wonder who it can be?" said the Countess Dowager to Brandyball. The Countess Dowager liked to know everything; that is, everything about her friends. "The servant said the man seemed to be a soldier."

"I think," said the Major, "I think Lady Cary used to have some friends in the army — when she was Miss Manners."

Further conversation was checked by Lady Cary's return. She was a beautiful woman, Sir John's wife; and she never looked better than on that night. The Major noticed that she held a letter crumpled in one hand; and her haste had given her a heightened color. She must have been gone over half an hour.

"Forgive me for keeping you all so long," she said, with her sweet smile. "Lord Arthur, will you take the Countess Dowager in to dinner?"

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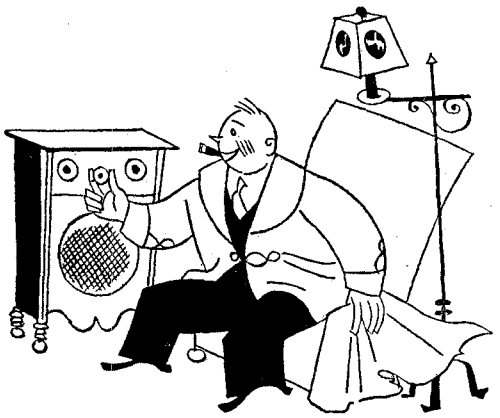
Radio Reviews

Around the Clock



by **CYRUS FISHER**

One of the most firmly rooted radio traditions is that morning week-day programs edify and delight an audience composed exclusively of women. Apparently these neglected ladies will accept anything. Programs seem to progress in quality from morning to afternoon to evening in direct ratio with the number of males listening in. Of all the sloppy orchestras, sleepy uplifters, cultural exhibitionists, and other warm beer sampled during the sweeping and dusting hours the four below are brilliantly inspired compared to those omitted. And these four are highly popular among feminine listeners. That the programs are capable of such seduction can only suggest the general dreariness between seven o'clock and noon. (All schedules are on Daylight Savings.)

Morning Glories

"Clara, Lu, 'n' Em," with Louise Starkey, Isobel Carothers, and Helen King. Sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company. Approximately 2 minutes', varying seconds' advertising time. N.B.C. Large regional WJZ network. 10:15–10:30 A.M. EDST. Daily except Saturdays and Sundays.

Miss Starkey emotes enthusiastically as "Clara," Miss Carothers pleats some humor into "Lu," and Miss King sends her "Em" skittering into frequent confusion. All three seem unable to decide whether they have a burlesque, a satire, or a realistic version of the lives of their wretchedly tiresome small-town gossips. The medley of interpretations does give variety but not much else, despite its rating as one of the most popular morning effusions. Evidently I can't appreciate washboard mewings.

Happy Jack, featuring Jack Turner. William Kephart, announcer. Sustaining program — no advertising. N.B.C. WJZ network. 10:30–10:45 A.M. EDST. Daily except Sundays.

Four or five songs in a small but merry singing voice are inducements for tuning in on "Happy" Jack Turner, that is if you can stand the in-between jolliness exchanged with eager and dull Mr. Kephart. When Mr. Turner winds up his period with a rigmarole of birthday greetings to imbeciles writing in to hear their names read over the air, you might as well start the vacuum cleaner.

The Merrymakers, novelty orchestra directed by Fred Berrens. Sustaining program — no advertising. C.B.S. 10:30–11:00 A.M. EDST., Mondays; 9:30–10:00 A.M. EDST., Fridays and Saturdays.

"The Merrymakers" display three or so tricky arrangements from Tinpan Alley's latest ditherings varied with at least one retailored exhibit from past years. After the eight o'clock "Kiddies Klub," the eight-fifteen "Kremel Jolly Man," then "Cheerio" and Tony Wons, any orchestra would sound better than average. "The Merrymakers" sound even better than that.

Smackout, with Marion and Jim Jordan. Sustaining program — no advertising. N.B.C. WJZ network. 12:00–12:15 noon, EDST. Every day except Sunday.

Occasionally Mr. and Mrs. Jordan forget they are in a hayseed sketch and find an excuse for some very smart harmony around a piano (usually twice in the fifteen minutes). They are diverting as a temporary song and patter combine. That is what they should be. They belong to "Smackout" — the daffy meanderings of five rural personages — about as much

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as Burns and Allen belong in Seth Parker opera.

In the Afternoon

Ann Leaf, organist. Louis Dean, announcer. Piliero, engineer. Sustaining program — no advertising. C.B.S. 2:00–2:15 P.M. EDST., Tuesdays and Wednesdays; 2:30–2:45 P.M. EDST., Thursdays.

Although not a set form, Ann Leaf customarily obliges with a classic, a semi-classic without sleigh-bells and bird-chirping effects, and something on the order of "Isn't It Romantic?" I think she even misbehaved with "Delicious" once. When you think of the lush, glockenspiel organ-grinders of motion-picture cathedrals who have about ruined the organ as a serious instrument of contemporary music, her playing has a completely acceptable lightness and romantic — whatever that may mean to you — youthfulness. Her announcer, Mr. Dean, is nicely unobtrusive; Mr. Piliero does a commendable job at the sound controls.

Sisters of the Skillet, with Ed East and Ralph Dumke. Sustaining program — no advertising. N.B.C. WJZ network. 2:45–3:00 P.M. EDST. Daily except Saturdays and Sundays.

Messrs. East and Dumke are two burbling fellows, neither sisters nor concerned with skillets, owning a curiously sporadic gift for extemporaneous foolishness. Four days a week they collide in a routine of low-grade chatter and musical doggerel. On the fifth day they manage to stumble into a genuinely droll sequence. Unfortunately it is impossible to predict what day of the week will be the fifth day; if it were, they'd still be on in the evening.

Northwestern Chronicle, with Jess Pugh as "Jim Dudley," editor; William Barth, "Buck Hawkins"; Dolores Gillen, "Alice Dudley"; Bernardine Flynn, "Aunt Hessie"; Loretta Poynton, "Ruth Dudley," and Merrill Fugit, "Rhiny Masters." Charles Lyon, announcer. Whipple, production. Kogen, musical director. Kempkes, engineer. Rhymer, continuity. Sponsored by Northwestern Yeast Company. 3 minutes', 15 seconds' advertising time. N.B.C. WJZ network. 2:30–3:00 P.M. EDST. Every Sunday.

The "Northwestern Chronicle" is chopped into ungainly halves by the intrusion of a long commercial (one minute, fifteen solid seconds) which is more than enough time to permit the glue to harden around the players. The action wobbles between the adolescent love-life of a cub-reporter, "Buck Hawkins," and "Alice Dudley" and the chuckly whimsy of our old friend Jess Pugh, formerly Tony Wons' rival "Old Hunch," now waxing mischievously as "Jim Dudley," country newspaper editor.

"Buck Hawkins" and "Alice Dudley" talk and part of the time act as if they were children about ten years old, very cute and cunning, until they suddenly start to make love in a manner which indicates they are either precocious young monsters or characters very untidily drawn by the continuity writer. There are minor rôles which have been tintyped by so many actors and writers specializing in corn and wheat drama that of them only "Rhiny Masters," the nasty old sissy, is somewhat amusing — probably because he is played by Merrill Fugit who, alone in the cast, could plausibly claim to be an actor.

After Dark

Chevrolet Program, featuring master of ceremonies Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, tenor James Melton, and Frank Black and his orchestra. Howard Claney, announcer. Sponsored by General Motors Company. Advertising time varies greatly what with short commercials one week, long contest announcements the next, and Jack Benny and Howard Claney tickling my stop-watch and making the ballyhoo amusing and funny to listen to. N.B.C. WEAF network. 10:00–10:30 P.M. EDST. Every Friday.

Jack Benny of the Bourbon, bitters, and soda flavor barbs his blandishments with enough sting and wit to bring you out of the easy chair clutching your sides four or five times during the course of his weekly radio existence. Seemingly, every comedian must now own or operate a stooge to be on any major payroll. Mr. Benny's wife, Mary Livingstone, stooges as an impudent secretary but refuses to be submerged in the classic dumb-dame department. She gives as well as takes and the two of them together account for a total of twelve to fifteen minutes of unwatered frivolity which you'd do well not to miss.

As for the others, when Mr. Benny stops to file his saws, Frank Black's protegés shunt into the main track with at least three orchestrations which should trundle the rugs off any well-waxed floor. The music intervals are long enough to make it worthwhile to dance. Furthermore, for variety's sweet sake, there are two excursions with James Melton who does much to cure my complex against tenors, being able to sing in a manner which is not only inoffensive but downright pleasing. His songs

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and Benny's quips balance each other. Even the commercial announcer, Howard Claney, is infected by the genial atmosphere. He pops in and out with Mr. Benny, burlesques the ripe-English delivery he made infamous, and livens up his commercials (when not burdened by prize contests) to the point of being part of the entertainment. There are rumors the program may soon stop; I hope not. We'll need it this summer.

Phil Baker, the Armour Jester, featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton as "Bottle the Butler," "Beetle — the Phantom Stooge," whose name is not released, the Neil Sisters trio, the Merrie-Men quartet, and Roy Shield's orchestra. Vincent Pelletier, announcer. Wetzel, production. Pickett, engineer. Murray, continuity. Sponsored by Armour and Company. 2 to 2 minutes', 30 seconds' advertising time. N.B.C. WJZ network. 9:30–10:00 P.M. EDST. Every Friday.

Roy Shield's orchestra pedals furiously into a pyrotechnical opening and when the last firecracker is exploded, hoarse-voiced Phil Baker sidles into a cold stillness and attempts to placate a rapidly cooling audience with a bag of jokes which must have been saved from the discarded files of *Puck* when it went out of business. For two minutes or so — an age on the air — Mr. Baker juggles pawky lines with his rattle-pated first stooge, one "Bottle the Butler," taken from life by Harry McNaughton.

It is precisely at this artfully timed moment, when your patience has been shattered by the two dolts and you are reaching forth to tune Mr. Baker forever out of your life, that "Beetle" of the horrible raucous voice, embodiment of all the unexpressed hoots and jeers of millions of disillusioned radio listeners, breaks in upon the moldy clowns with; "Get off the air! Baker, you're terrible!" And from then on Phil Baker's show enters into a second highly rambunctious stage.

Mr. Baker is given four spots — all of them long, from three to six minutes. He tantalizes the audience, battles with the Phantom Stooge (the cleverest comic device of the season), belabors "Bottle," and finally succeeds in playing his accordion in a properly melodious fashion. The Neil Sisters and the Merrie-Men let slip several swell razzle-dazzle numbers between whiles and the half hour has all the elements of a bang-up entertainment, but so far the producers have frightfully botched their job by ragged direction and over-crowding the talent with too much material. Perhaps the Phantom Stooge will also talk to Wetzel, Murray, and the hired hands.

Sinclair Greater Minstrels, featuring interlocutor Gene Arnold; quartet composed of Gene Dressler, Edward Davies, Joe Parsons, and Chauncey Parsons; additional talent including Mac McCloud, Bill Childs, Cliff Soubier, Fritz Clark, and Roy Shield directing the orchestra. Charles Lyon and Bob Brown, announcers. Sponsored by Sinclair Refining Company. 2 minutes', 50 odd seconds' advertising time. N.B.C. Regional WJZ network. 9:00–9:30 P.M. EDST. Every Monday.

Gene Arnold has that sassy, sugar-coated demeanor without which no interlocutor of a minstrel show can pass as legal tender. The quartet is sufficiently boisterous. Their close harmony ennobles all the old barber-shop chords, and I'm sure if "Honey Boy" Evans were to return he'd find everything the same as in the old black-face days except the absence of clogging and soft-shoe shuffling. He'd even recognize the jokes which made him famous thirty years ago.

Signing Off

For those full-moon June nights: Monday's WJZ midnight Bert Lown's soft and sweet orchestra; Tuesday's same time and station Duke Ellington's exciting rhythms; Wednesday's C.B.S. 10:45 P.M. EDST. Little Jack Little, one of the brightest patter-singers; Thursday's Pacific Coast KGO (you can get it from Ohio west with a good set) 11:00 P.M. PDST. Phil Harris' orchestra; and you'd better get some sleep and forget the moon for the rest of the week.

Apologies to William Sweets when I blamed him for the laborious "Great Moments in History" and should have pounced upon the director who was at fault.

I haven't had space to remind you of the older programs, but don't forget N.B.C's Friday 9:00 P.M. EDST. "First Nighter," still the most consistently entertaining dramatic program and C.B.S's Sunday 8:00 P.M. EDST. all-time best "John Henry."

A "must" for the men: Ted Husing's C.B.S. baseball reports. Accurate and colorful.

Advertising suggestion for 3.2 percentage sponsors: "The Little German Band," which shouldn't be allowed to remain off the air.

The ripest "don't" of June: Edna Wallace Hopper.

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

"Creative Expression"

To the Editor:

In the April issue of THE FORUM there is an article called "The New School Trend" by Florence Sykes Mellor. While in the main this is a just criticism of modern education it makes one wrong impression. The author is plainly confused in her use of terms. She has condemned two modern methods without realizing that they are entirely distinct in their educational value. I refer to what is known as "extra-curriculum activities," which as I see it is a fad feeble in principle and bound to die, and "creative expression" which is not a method in the pedagogical sense, but an endeavor to stimulate thinking in all grades of work. The one thing is, as the author states, "fast making school a bore for the mentally alert." But creative expression is not at all concerned with "building flimsy bird-houses and crocheting suet bags." Rather, it is a scientific approach to a new conception of mind-training. It combats the very fault of which the author complains: "All are imitators; they soon realize that to differ is to suffer."

As a teacher of creative expression, and as an author of a text-book along this line, I regret to see such a blanket condemnation of modern teaching appear in a magazine of such great reputation as THE FORUM. It is too sadly true that our school system stands in immediate need of criticism and reconstruction, but such work must be done sanely and without passion. Not all that is new and recent is bad. And at this critical moment we must be careful that we do not throw out the baby with the bath.

ALMA PASCHALL

Toledo, O.

Going to Extremes

To the Editor:

The article "The New School Trend" by Florence Sykes Mellor (April FORUM) will strike a responsive chord in many a teacher's heart. Tableaux of Greek gods have real educational value, but so do tables of Greek verbs. Her phrase "hand-work instead of . . . headwork" is all too true. We seem to have swung from "All work and no play —" to "All play and no work —" and the conclusion to the sentence is the same. The ideal would appear to lie between the extremes. Headwork and handwork, in proper proportions, make Jack something better than a dull boy.

The stress on educating the dullard is due, I suppose, to a reaction against the older type of education, which exalted the bright pupil; which had its valedictorian and its salutatorian; in which the dull child struggled along almost unnoticed and despised. It is, perhaps, a healthy reaction, if it does not go too far. We seem to advance by going to extremes; from education for the favored few, to mass education; from emphasis on the heritage of the past, to neglect of that which has been handed down; from severe repression, to extreme expression.

DAVID O. VOSS

Toledo, O.

Government Control of Liquor

To the Editor:

Although my name is not on your subscription list, I am a regular reader of THE FORUM. In the March number I was very much impressed by your article "The American Liquor Monopoly."

Personally, I am a dry and believe that the nation would be much better off if the Eighteenth Amendment were retained and the Volstead Law enforced. However, I am perfectly aware of the fact that in a republic it is impossible to enforce a law which does not have public sentiment behind it. We are all disgusted with the farce that has been enacted in America particularly during the last five years. For that reason I am glad to see some move, either to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment or to devise some kind of workable law to take the place of the Volstead Law.

As I see it now, unless vigorous action is taken by those who can influence public sentiment and legislation otherwise, we are likely to have the old saloon back. It may be under a different name, but I can see nothing in the present policies of the wets that will prevent many of the abuses which the old time saloon carried. Most of the active wets are perhaps actuated by the profit motive. In formulating their policies for the future, I am sure they will not be so careful in preventing liquor evils as they were in their promises during the campaign against prohibition. It is for this reason, I feel, that the intelligent, temperate, law-abiding element of society should be active at this time.

I want to take this opportunity to

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thoroughly endorse your editorial on the liquor monopoly. If we are to have liquor, I wish the government would go into the liquor business, just as the Bratt system provides. If the government did and its policies were honestly administered, we could prevent most of the evils of alcoholic beverages and at the same time realize a maximum income from that source. I hope you will follow up this article with others and keep your point of view before the American public. I am writing our senators and representatives calling their attention to this article and endorsing the plan. I wish there were other ways that the better element in American citizenship could make its influence felt upon this great issue.

F. C. JEAN

Greeley, Col.

South Carolina's Example

To the Editor:

You will, no doubt, receive considerable comment on your editorial article relative to Federal liquor control printed in the March issue of THE FORUM. However, one can scarcely allow such articles to pass without expressing one's reaction in some form.

Probably the government dispensary would prove to be about the least objectionable of any system of legalized liquor control. At least it is difficult to believe that it would prove less satisfactory than certain other forms of regulation that have been tried in this country. In fact, in theory it seems quite a desirable method of control. Regulation of anything by the strong arm of the Federal Government has in it a certain appeal to those who desire respect for and obedience to law. Your policy of leaving the matter in the hands of the Federal Government is correct enough. When it comes to the change in the system advocated in your recent article, that is a different matter.

In seeking a way out of difficulty, it would appear the part of wisdom to try new methods rather than to resort to those that have resulted in failure when given a try-out. One of the distinguishing characteristics of human kind is the ability to profit by the mistakes of the past and by the experience of others. It is difficult to conceive of a publication of the standing of THE FORUM advocating a further attempt to solve the problem of liquor regulation by means of the dispensary system.

You have characterized the alcoholic beverage traffic as the most dishonest of all businesses. Alas! it has surely proved to be so in this country. Now, when it comes to the dispensary system, surely the fourteen years battle of the state of South Carolina should serve us as a classic example of the unworkability

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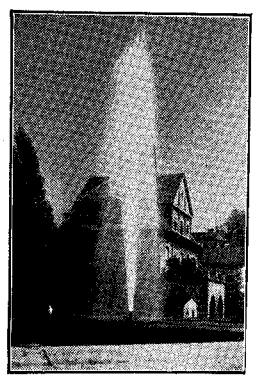

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Our Rostrum

of this method of control. This experiment carried on from July 1, 1893, until 1907 shows in clear detail the manner in which Americans react to governmental regulation of the legalized traffic. Parenthetically, it may be observed that the population of South Carolina is also more genuinely what we think of as "American" than is our polyglot population at large. Such a people, being more homogeneous and supposedly more unified in purpose than the mixed groups at large may be compared to that of Sweden, where the dispensary system is said to work so admirably. However even in South Carolina we have the most flagrant failure of that which bade fair to become a successful experiment. There was evasion of the certificate requirement for securing liquor; evasion of the requirement as to hours of sale, places of sale, and persons to whom the goods were sold. Sunday closing laws were disregarded, liquor was sold to persons intoxicated, to Negroes, and to minors in defiance of the law. The State dispensary commission was bribed by liquor manufacturers bidding for the contracts of supply. There was even evasion of the requirement that the liquor should be tested frequently for quality.

It is not a little disconcerting to find your publication advocating to the American people that their government join partnership with alien liquor barons in the scheme of wholesale debauchery and corruption of the population. Moreover, it seems incredible that you should advocate the governing of the American people in this matter by a foreign dictator.

As for Mr. Butler, the suggestion that he be transferred from the presidency of one of our greatest universities to the position of beer referee would appear not altogether complimentary to him or to the profession which he represents.

Again, shall we throw the National Congress into a chaotic controversy every decade or oftener over this subject? We have seen the results of letting this matter get into the hands of Congress upon one or two occasions.

Finally, may we not look to our great national periodicals to "keep their heads when all about you are losing theirs"? Let us have real leadership with real, clearly thought out solutions to our great problems or forever hold your peace.

ROBERT H. DOUGLASS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Courage to Live! Pooh!

To the Editor:

I quote from Edna B. King's letter in the April Rostrum: "All adults with any degree of maturity and experience grant the truism that it requires more courage to live than to die." I wonder whether

THEY ALL WELCOMED JIM IN A FOURSOME
BUT NOBODY LIKED TO FOLLOW HIM IN THE SHOWER

HE was one of those men everybody liked. But he was thoughtless.

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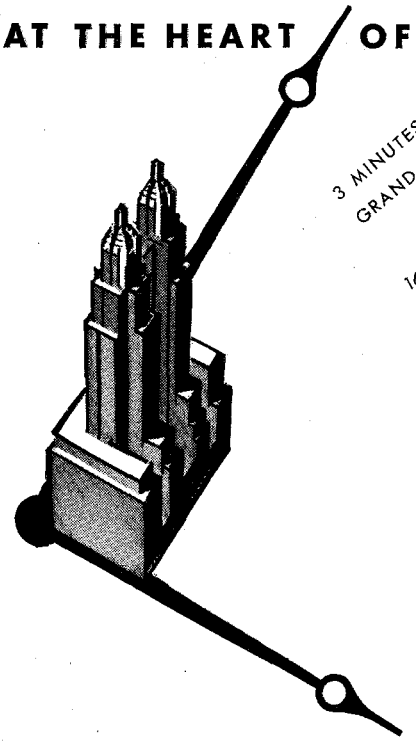

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Our Rostrum

Miss King was trying to be funny or did she really believe that. Having lived over sixty of my two score years and ten, I may claim a fair degree of maturity, and as for experience — I have seen many a wild storm at sea, and faced both white men and black savage on the battlefield, and I cannot recall a time when it took any courage to live, but I freely admit a high degree of trepidation at the approach of a six-foot black fellow with an eight-foot spear and a decidedly unsocial look on his face. That courage-to-live idea is on a par with the pretense of a man with a toothache — that it doesn't hurt much because he hasn't the nerve to have it pulled.

JAMES BOND

Tarentum, Pa.

The Railroads Missed a Trick

To the Editor:

"A Passenger's Complaint to the Railroads," by Prof. Griswold Morley, in the April FORUM, though perhaps a little tardy is true to the last syllable. The railroads, it seems, have just awakened to the important fact that their only every-day for-sale commodity is transportation. He says they are "victims of circumstances." Napoleon said: "I make circumstances." If the railroads had aroused out of their coma ten years ago, they could have made circumstances a little different. Not by high-priced and high-powered advertising, but by real changes in their methods and policies.

They lost the good-will of the public and their best patrons, the commercial travelers, by indifference and incivility and now they are suffering the consequences. Perhaps they can gain it back. It looks doubtful.

C. T. COLLIER

Kansas City, Mo.

Inflation or Deflation?

To the Editor:

The amazing arguments L. M. Graves advances on the "The Cost of Inflation" in the May FORUM leave one more than ever at sea.

Which of his three quite contradictory statements are to be taken? First, that government could not produce any change in price by inflation, or second, that such inflation would make such a change as to tax creditors for the benefit of debtors and jobless, or third, that controlled inflation would cause further deflation or a still greater fall in prices? But why continue? The whole article is on the same order as the above. There are strong and valid arguments for and against inflation but Mr. Graves seems to have missed mentioning any of them in his article.

L. D. GODSHALL

Los Angeles, Calif.

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